

◆ THE ◆ GRAIL



10¢ A COPY

JANUARY-1940

\$1⁰⁰ A YEAR

The Grail

Volume 21, No. 9

JANUARY, 1940

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THE GRAIL

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THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

Subscription price \$1.00 a year; Canada \$1.25; Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, section 1103, October 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

We employ no agents.

THE GRAIL maintains an office at 341 Madison Ave., New York City, under the management of Mrs. Marie H. Doyle. Phone MU 6-7096. THE GRAIL's eastern representative, the Rev. Charles Dudine, O.S.B., can be reached through this office. Personal calls relative to the magazine and to the Knights of the Grail will be given courteous and prompt attention. Literary contributions should be sent directly to THE GRAIL, Benedictine Fathers, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Shall We See It?

Joel Gastineau



IT IS almost seven o'clock Wednesday evening in a large city. Along the lighted streets and boulevards motley groups of people, men for the most part, are moving in the direction of the Catholic Church. Over the hum of city traffic, the chugging of freight and passenger trains, the roar of the elevated cars comes the musical note of church bells summoning the faithful not to a novena service, not to Benediction, or forty hours' devotion, but to the seven o'clock evening Mass.

The nave of the church is well filled with men and women who have been at work during the day who now welcome the precious privilege of assisting at Holy Mass at a convenient hour.

Two grimy workmen exchange a few words as they pause at the church door: Says one oil-bedizened worker to the other: "You know, Jim, I ain't been able to hear Mass but once a month for ten years.... always had to work in the mornin's. How 'bout you?"

Says Jim: "Well, John, I gotta work from nine till six every night, and on Sunday mornin's I just can't keep awake. By this time of day I'm fit as can be, and can get somethin' out o' Mass I never could before."

Is this a vision of the future? Will the day come and shall we see it when people crowd the churches for evening Mass? Will the day come and will the clergy see it when the priest with



ciborium in hand turns around at Communion time not to behold a row of loyal women and girls at the rail, with a man or two flanking the small crowd, or a row of silent nuns, but to behold a contingent of workmen rise and surge altarwards in a mass movement of Eucharistic devotion?

Shall we ever see the men and women, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, who now throng our public novena services at night throng also around the altar? Will the day come, and shall we see it when bankers and engineers, truckmen, and stenographers, clerks and laborers assemble nightly around the altar at Mass and go out into the unhallowed darkness of a modern city regaled and strengthened with the bread of life? We shall see. It is devoutly to be hoped that we shall see it soon.

Confessions of an Author

Jack Kearns

PEOPLE are nutty in different ways. Some think they're politicians, some imagine they could be the world's best actors, others again pride themselves on being expert bridge players though they invariably run into trouble. I suppose everybody has some sort of repressed ambition. My own trouble is that I think I am an author. Maybe I am. Anyhow I earn my living (sic) not by the sword, but by so much per word. The writing bug bit me early in life—when I was in high school. I made up jingles and wrote stories for the local newspaper, a weekly. What a thrill I got seeing my name in print! I read and reread my efforts till the clippings wore out. I was fascinated by words in type—still am. I gained quite a reputation as a writer in my home town—even the big city paper ran an article, hailing me as a boy poet. My senior year in high school found me editor-in-chief of *The Crimson*, the annual magazine. My reputation locally was established. In college I kept up my writing and had the supreme satisfaction of seeing my stuff printed. I was looked upon as the college laureate. The professors encouraged me; some had seen my verses in magazines or in the newspapers. I turned out a good bit of verse and even wrote the first book of an epic poem during my senior year. "Fools rush in," you know. Anyhow, I was very happy and can still recall the big thrill I got when a little two-stanza poem of mine appeared in a national magazine. It was better than making a grand slam.

When I received my degree, I had no intention of making writing my immediate means of livelihood. I intended to continue with my writing, but got a position as a teacher in a private school. I imagined I could teach, get it over with, and then write. After a while I'd be able to quit teaching and retire to a Riviera while the world waited for my next hit. Fond delusions! It's strange but true

that academic minds are not creative. I suppose, with a few exceptions, those whose brains are crammed with rules for rhetoric and who know all about the technique of prose forms are the ones least likely to write. For ten years I taught in different parts of the country, doing a good job, but never accomplishing what I wanted most. Of course I was still contributing a bit of verse occasionally or getting off an article or story. But most of my dreams were never fulfilled. Finally I said to myself: "Why don't you have the courage to do what you want to do most of all? You won't be happy till you do. Go ahead and starve. At any rate you'll have given yourself a chance." I did resign a good place in a Chicago high school and took the bus for New York. I figured that there I could get a better hearing. That was about five years ago. Don't get the notion that I had any wealth salted away. Teachers make good money, usually, but they have to live above their means and never get to saving much. What they do put away goes for trips or summer sessions. Besides they have expensive tastes. So actually, when I arrived in the metropolis, I had only \$150.12 to my name. I had to get going at once, had to economize immediately.

It is really surprising, however, how cheaply one can live under pressure. I shunned the expensive hotels, the theatres, the restaurants that I used to frequent. I ate at a cafeteria and set out to find myself a new home. I was lucky in getting a cheap room—a fairly big one—on the East Side on 96th Street. Thither I brought all my worldly possessions which included my much treasured typewriter. I began at once, without even arranging my belongings. I was a writer and write I must. I bought an old table to use as a desk. It was several days before I got a cot. I slept on some blankets I had bought. I just had to have them, as I am naturally

a cold creature. It was fun. Like camping out. I can still see myself carrying a chair through the snow swirling in the street. It was fortunate that I could get some of the things I needed very cheap. An Italian lady who lived in the same building was a big help—she showed me how to fix up a place where I could do a little cooking for myself. But I let most of my fixing up go till I had turned out some copy.

It was with a feeling of satisfaction that I shipped out my first MS as an *ex professo* writer. My status had changed—I was now a professional. I set to work on another article I had planned, visiting the public library for help. It was about "Trends in Modern Poetry." Though I wrote it with care, I have never succeeded in placing that study. But, happily for me, my first article was accepted—I was so glad to see the little envelope. Inside was a check for \$7.00. Not much, but what a lot of encouragement! I often dread to think how I would have felt if it had been a rejection. I am mighty grateful to that editor. I was cheered beyond words and sat down to write a poem. I sent it to *The Times*, but they returned it in a couple of days. However, *The Sun* accepted it, sending me \$4.00. It was almost a month before I got a check of any kind. Those were dark days even though spring was approaching. I had sent out dozens of MSS. Four were accepted, but by magazines that pay only when they publish. By this arrangement an author may have to wait a year. Some of my efforts were not even acknowledged. I had failed to enclose return postage. But near the end of February I received a check for \$40.00 for a whimsical skit I had sent in to a well-known publication. It was only a short thing and I didn't think it was so very clever. But it clicked. That helped and I thought of myself as a regular contributor. I found out that they receive thousands of MSS and buy only a few. All this time I was putting in something like twelve hours a day at writing. In actual cash I had taken in \$51.00 in almost two months. What wages! The four articles which had been accepted later on paid \$4.00, \$8.00, \$5.00, and \$10.00. So my earnings during these first two months netted me \$78.00.

I could get by on \$50.00 a month, as my rent was low and I could cook a bit for myself and eat at the cafeterias—but here I wasn't handling but that amount in two months. I began to get frightened and wonder if I hadn't better get a job. But when I'd walk all the way down Fifth or Park to the periodical room of the magnificent public library on 42nd Street, that writing germ would get me again. All those lovely magazines. Why, it was a wonder-

ful thing to live in America where I was told some 15,000 magazines are published. Surely there was a place for me in all those pages! Back I'd go to my dismal lodgings, full of great expectations, sure of finding the end of the rainbow.

At any rate I was writing—I had a batch of MSS. It is the only way to learn how to write. I learned, too, that it was vital to study the needs of a magazine—to get an idea of what the editor wanted, though I noticed occasionally that variety was welcomed. The poor editors! I feel sorry for them—they're so busy they can't do any writing themselves, though there are exceptions, to be sure. I have gotten to know quite a number now, and I'm glad I'm not one. Meanwhile I had decided to keep at it till I was down to my last dollar. Gradually I got the reader's viewpoint and became more familiar with the seasonal needs of publications. *The Sun* published my *Alcaics for March* at the beginning of that month, and a little vacation incident was bought as a filler by a large publishing house. The filler paid \$8.00 though it was only 400 words. So by June I was averaging in actual income just about enough for running expenses—my rent, food, and incidentals. It was meagre enough, but I had a marvelous sense of freedom, a feeling of achievement. It was fun to lay real claim to authorship, namely that it brought me my bread and butter. I think I have improved considerably, though I know there is still plenty of room for improvement. I make only about \$60.00 a month, though occasionally I make an unexpected earning—then I can buy myself some clothes or take in a good play.

It isn't much of a living that I make, but I'm independent, and it is surprising how many fine things here in Manhattan may be had cheaply. The museums, parks, libraries are a great boon. Reading is a favorite diversion, and I have the world's best for the asking. When I hear about a good movie, I make a note of it and see it at what I call the "garlic opera." These are old legitimate theatres that run moving pictures at as low as fifteen cents. Walking is another of my hobbies and it helps to balance the budget, too. It is surprising how many interesting places there are if one will only look around.

All in all, I'm not doing so badly. When I feel like complaining, I think of those—and they are right before my eyes—who have long weary hours, often under unreasonable circumstances, at work that they hate. I can take a day off any time I wish; when I feel a little tired, I can light my pipe and relax with a good book. Yes, writing is hard work, but I love it.





Pearl Lee Vernon

YESTERDAY I visited the Abbey! It is not meet that one should live within a few hours' journey of a thing of beauty and beneficence, and never see and enjoy the appeal of its grandeur. Yet it is with much temerity that I attempt to record my impressions of the day, for the reason that those within the community seem to speak but rarely in the first person, and then never in the singular number. It was refreshing to hear the Abbot explain in detail the building of this unusual institution and not once refer to any part that he had personally in the planning or construction of the buildings, nor in the building of the morale of those who live within the Abbey or have gone out from its cloisters.

It was a delightful day, restful from the moment the young Frater with the fine brow met us at the guest dining room and bade us welcome to the noon meal. And the food was delicious, all of it prepared, cooked and served by the Brothers themselves, and as I afterwards learned, for the most part produced on the lands and in the pastures surrounding the monastery. After the luncheon the Father Abbot himself took us about the Abbey, through the libraries, classrooms and dormitories of the spacious and sanitary seminaries, where many harassed school officials might well avail themselves of needed information in architectural efficiency and unbelievable economy. Then along the outer walls of the monastery proper, where no woman may enter save and except the first lady of a country and her retinue. But I prefer to have

my own picture of the individual quarters of the monks, for I have come to know the individual members of the community. And no little room could change the breadth of mind of the learned Rector of St. Meinrad, nor limit the devotion of those who have gone outside to carry on the teachings gleaned in this setting of humble magnificence. Finally, we visited the church, with its central altar and many minor ones; with the grand organ that we were later to hear reproducing the melodies of the Gregorian chant; with the relics on the grand altar on this Feast of the Assumption. It was not the dignity of the place, nor the simple splendor of the edifice that impressed me, but the everlasting quality in the minds of the builders of the Order of St. Benedict. Time is not measured nor referred to in years, but in centuries. One lives not for today, nor tomorrow, but for that day when there shall be no measure of time. The vision of the founder who selected the site of the Abbey and those who have builded upon it has blended the age-old and limitless grandeur of the builder's arts with the most intricate and modern aids to clean and wholesome living. It is as if one interwove the old and new and lost neither the charm of the one nor the zest of the other.

We left the Abbey after the Vesper hour but we carried away the desire to rid ourselves of all that is petty and narrow and small and mean, as if it were unbecoming to waste the hours on the worries of a day, when we have an entire eternity ahead.

I am grateful to have injected into my busy, hur-

ried life a day wholly uncluttered by the worry of competition; the hurry of economic demands; the futile efforts to appease a selfish ambition. It is a fitting note to have furnished to one a picture of life in its utter fullness without the strife that characterizes one's daily scramble to "win, place or show." Here are many members of God's great family, living in the quiet shelter of His care, the best of food and lodging; comfortably clothed, at least I hope the rays of the sun were charitable to solemn black; the best in books and knowledge and training; an opportunity to work in shop or office or vineyard or field or dairy; and all a labor of love, where first things take first place and where life is lived in the utmost simplicity. And I had

pitied those who took time to live there! Time from the hurry and bustle that crowd my days! Pitied them.... unmindful of the fact that the hand of a skillful painter, the mind of a great philosopher, the soul of a Master Builder might grow in a spot like this. One only may offer solace to a near-sighted goal that permits the sham of procuring larger houses and brighter cars, finer clothing and desire for glory, to shut out the vision that a broader horizon would have furnished and that would give a glimpse of that eternal goal of which I sing on Sunday morning and shun steadily thruout the week. One does not wish to die, yet one does not take the time to live. I am grateful for my yesterday.

Swiss Winter Splendor Inspires Artists

Marie Widmer



An interesting sculpture in snow seen at Arosa in the Grisons, Switzerland. Photo by C. Brandt, Arosa

A MIRACLE, unfathomable, but triumphant with the glories of Creation, is the sudden silent transition from Autumn to Winter in the Swiss Alps. Over night myriads of dancing snow flakes drape first a dancing lacey sheet, then gradually layer after layer of soft white blankets over the slumbering brown Earth, and over night glad children and grown-ups inaugurate the season of sports.

Great ice rinks are tended with infinite care, and graceful skaters, swift hockey players and more de-



A Christmas card designed by Nature at Blatten in the Loetschen Valley, Switzerland. Photo by A. Klopfenstein

liberate curlers enliven their gleaming, mirror-like surfaces. Toboggan and bobsleigh runs become centres of thrilling activities, and ski-ing fields, wherever one looks or goes, teem with veritable armies of carefree mortals. Carefree may sound rather a tall proposition in our harassed days, but the beauty of Switzerland in its sparkling winter garb, together with the rejuvenating air, disperses petty worries and directs human thoughts into channels of sunlit, joyous spheres.

Crystals of wondrous form and lustre adorn bushes and trees, and huge cushions of snow decorate the fragrant pines in celebration of the poetic feast of Christmas. Creation triumphs and man in turn feels an urge to create for the sake of beauty. Painters try to reproduce some of these winter fairyland scenes on canvas, and photographers, both amateur and professional, appear here and there, perplexed only by the overwhelming choice of subjects.

But Swiss snow is so pure, so pliable! Although of transient durability, it is ideal material for sculptors and its possibilities for such work, as an artistic winter pastime, have long ago been realized. Eminent sculptors, as well as amateurs and children participate in contests for snow plastics arranged here and there in the leading resorts.

Over fifty noteworthy snow sculptures lined the promenade at Davos, for instance, in one winter. There were medieval gates, castles, obelisks and statues; there were characters from sportland and fairyland, not to mention a mighty Buddha, who, with enigmatical smile, surveyed his strange surroundings.

Outstanding achievements in snow sculpture are yearly on display at Arosa, another beauty spot in the Grisons. Here quite a few of the snow creations have in recent winters been inspired by episodes of adventure in Mythology and Early History. The famous Horse of Troy, Jupiter and Europa, St. George and the Dragon, a towering Mammoth, and other unique figures, were for many dazzling weeks of winter an artistic satisfaction to their

creators and a visual treat for a multitude of visitors.

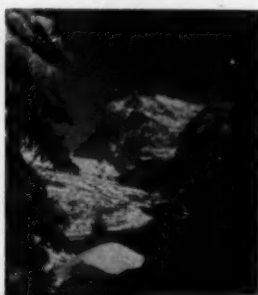
Adeste Fideles

Hail to the Star of the Magi—!
A symbol of joy and hope;
Heaven alone can be calling,
In spite of the telescope;

Hail to the Star of the Magi—!
It whispers the prophecies;
Mighty the Ruler, awaiting
The Souls of the seven-seas;

Hail to the Star of the Magi—!
As seen by the pure of heart;
Only the Angels rejoicing
If sinners deserve a part;

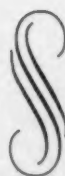
Hail to the Star of the Magi—!
The glory of God at birth;
Come, the Redeemer is living
Within the seraphic Earth.



Winter splendor at Grindewald, Switzerland. The Wetterhorn forms an imposing background. Photo by R. Schudel

Tobogganing is a thrilling sport at Wengen, Switzerland. Photo by W. Gabi

A wee skier at the Adelboden tries his first steps. Photo by E. Gyger



NEW YORK GENEVA MOSCOW

by Marieli G. Benziger

A LITERARY tour of England was being canvassed in numerous universities. Two people I know signed up. This travel agency catered exclusively to "serious undergraduates, teachers and social service workers." To participate a long questionnaire had to be filled out, with student status, family background, and after careful investigation these data were put on file for future reference if required. A printed itinerary was supplied with general facts, but details such as hotels and scope of activities were omitted. Upon inquiry it was learned this information would be given aboard by the tour leader. The only forwarding address available was one in Geneva. Last minute complaints by parents that their daughters were not going to the Continent but to England, and that therefore an English "post restante" should be given, was met by the reply: "Geneva is headquarters; all mail must go there."

Before sailing the promised luggage labels had not arrived. Requests for the same were met with the response: "You will find them in your cabin." Veteran travellers began to become suspicious. Yet this bureau had had amongst its tour leaders representatives of Columbia, Teachers College, New York University, Swathmore, etc. They allayed their fears convinced that once at sea everything would be arranged as promised.

We met aboard the boat train for Southampton. Noticing the labels on her bag I saw written in large letters, "NEW YORK—GENEVA—MOSCOW." I wondered. What could this Catholic teacher have been doing in Moscow? I was to learn she had confined her summer holiday to studying drama in England, but this New York Travel Agency blazoned all luggage with its emblem of "NEW YORK—GENEVA—MOSCOW."

I knew how antagonistic the Swiss people and especially their government were towards Soviet efforts to introduce Communism in Switzerland, so I could not understand why GENEVA should be sandwiched like a hyphen between New York and Moscow.

We had plenty of time for discussion aboard the *Franconia*, and later in New York I was to have corroborated all the evidence given me. Yet I would not be free to disclose my facts till 1939. Reprisals had been threatened, and they might have ruined several careers.

Once aboard the giant liner, yellow labels were found on all luggage with the words: "NEW YORK. Moscow. Geneva." A general protest was immediately made to the tour leader: "but we are not going to Moscow or Geneva." "Moscow is headquarters" was the only solution offered. And those tags remained on the luggage the rest of the journey.

No sooner had they headed for mid-ocean when one by one the tour leaders took each American tourist apart and disclosed the fact that the arrangements for an English literary tour were incomplete. It would be advisable if instead of landing in England they went on straight to France, at no added expense. They could have a far longer and vitally more interesting journey by visiting Soviet Russia. Every possible inducement was offered to invite this change of itinerary.

But these American women, for the most part teachers and a few under-graduates, stated they were not interested in the Soviet Union and would insist that their original plans be carried out.

That the itinerary had not been planned was self-evident from reports. People cognizant with British countryside were horrified at learning where these Americans were put up for the night. Radical centers were usually chosen. Strict regulations



were enforced concerning photography. A copy of every picture taken had to be turned in. The Americans were encouraged to photograph as many mansions, civic buildings, and even fortifications as possible. When a Columbia student inquired she was informed, "we send these all to Moscow."

Another fact was that mail was frightfully slow in reaching England. Some of the letters had the Vienna post-mark. Most of the mail had been tampered with and opened. Complaints were ineffective. Mistakes had been made, and mail had been forwarded from Geneva to Vienna. "It would not happen again." But it happened constantly that in times of peace American mail was being opened. Why? Later it was learned reports were made and again sent to Moscow.

In London some signed up for a drama course. The classes diverged from the original course to mob violence, riots, handling of the masses. On a certain day the drama teacher requested that all students remove their shoes to get the feel of the earth. Music was playing a weird, throbbing tempo. The pupils were handed torches. They must make believe they were setting them afire in petrol. They must forget themselves. They must remember that old orders were giving place to new. Industry, government, education and religion were being transformed. To the right of the stage was the home of enemies, opponents who were non-partisans. These must be eliminated. Their homes set afire, the inmates destroyed. Wilder, and fiercer throbbed the music. American women fully unconscious of what they were doing, became members of a violent mob.

A Columbia student, a non-Catholic, realizing what was being done, refused to participate. She sat in a corner and watched, horrified to think that her compatriots had paid good American dollars to be taught Communist propaganda.

Finally exhausted the actors of this strange drama stopped. Their teacher satisfied with their reactions explained that they must become foremost emissaries of Soviet Russia. As leaders of the youth of America, in their classrooms they must instill a spirit of revolution, so that when the time comes, and Moscow so orders it, their pupils will know the tactics of mob violence, and incendiarism.

The teacher then approached the Columbia student who had isolated herself from the rest. "Are you not in sympathy with our movement?" When the student told this English woman what she thought of any organization that used such foul methods to win over advocates, she was advised that if she valued her own life, she had better in future be more guarded as to her opinion and not so critical of what she saw. Once aboard the steamer en route to New York, the tour leader took her aside and stated that she

and others had noted she had not been in accord with the rest; she had openly shown her disfavor. Should she report what she had seen, complain or have an investigation made, though she had but one more year before graduating at Columbia, arrangements would be made so that she would be unable to finish there. The second member of this party, a Catholic, was so upset at what she had noticed in England that she broke away from the group before it left England, but she too was warned it



would be extremely dangerous to do any talking.

There are several interesting factors concerning this Tourist Agency with headquarters in New York, Moscow, and Geneva. Friends have purposefully gone there to get tourist information. Those who apply there are carefully scrutinized. Any who show partiality to Soviet Russia are openly encouraged. To others with whatever leaflets may be sent through the mails are always added a few fascinating ones of U.S.S.R. This same tourist agency claims that the European arrangements are supervised by their European branch in Geneva. But it is interesting to note that when I called at this place in Geneva, this agency was closed, and no one in Geneva could give adequate information, why or how it had functioned. One person explained that the Swiss government had clamped down on all Communistic centers in Geneva, and they had temporarily withdrawn till the storm had blown over.

Next I was interested in the fact that the places recommended and visited by various tours run by this agency were off the beaten track. Switzerland is over-run with fine pensions which cope with every type of purse. Yet American teachers who were paying \$530 and even \$850 dollars were being lodged in youth hostels used only by the poorest of the poor. No recognized travel agency would have recommended some of the places where these Americans were quartered. On the Lake of Lucerne, out of reach from train, boat, or trolley, and accessible only by foot, was a barracks-like establishment nestling close to the lake. It was not even typically Swiss. There was nothing attractive about this camp, except that whoever came there had to sleep on hay, use blankets, do his own cooking, and wash in the open. And all this within half an hour from the finest accommodations in Lucerne. The man who ran this establishment told me he could not understand why it was that the groups brought over from America invariably complained. The ladies were not satisfied. He could not understand. I tried to explain to him that had they intended to rough it they could have stayed home and gone to American camps far better equipped than anything he had to offer. Secondly these people were teachers and students out to study Europe. Why should they be buried away? Thirdly, they are paying rates which entitled them to room and board, and naturally they had a right to complain

when made to sleep on the floor and cook their own meals. I'm afraid this kindly man hardly understood what I tried to explain. But he acquiesced that the Americans seemed to be of a much higher calibre than the rest of his guests. He would, though, give me no information about this tourist agency, outside of the fact that it brought many American students there.

That our Americans are blindly led into traps is self evident. One has but to use the New York subways to watch how college students have learned the Communist technique. They have by cunning bored and wormed themselves into key positions. I've been in Harlem at night and heard soap-box orators inflame the Negroes. Once I got out ahead of time from the subway, because a young man was haranguing a car full of Negroes on the injustices inflicted on their race by the white race. He and I happened to be the only whites present. But the feelings ran so tense that I felt it wiser to get out before something might happen.

At Columbia a group of Columbia Students got into the subway. It was the day news had reached us of Franco's victory. Young girls of culture and refinement were selling papers. They were shouting that Americans must not let Fascism conquer the world; Franco had not won, and that Communists of America would back the Loyalists. This was startling information. Yet one could not help admiring these girls, whose courage was such that they would brave anything for the cause. Though their daring angered me, I wondered how many Catholics would be willing under the same circumstances to place themselves in a position of ridicule and insult for their Church?

In May I was in Chicago, riding in a Lake Street elevated. A weird specimen looked at me, but made no effort to make room for me on the only vacant seat. I finally sat down next to him and noticed he was reading a paper which obviously he was trying to hide. It was a newspaper printed in French. "MOSCOW. April, 1939." Comrades in the United States were notified no longer to waste time with

round table conferences and much talking. "Abandon your offices and disseminate our teachings to the masses, broadcast our propaganda. The hour is now ripe. We must strike for revolution! Shortly we will be ready to organize in every part of the country, and in every land." Horrified I read

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT IS WRONG! TO BE REAL LEADERS IN THE WORLD TODAY YOU MUST SKILLFULLY MASTER MARXISM AND LENINISM IN ORDER TO INSTILL IT INTO THE MINDS OF THE MASSES!



HIGHER
EDUCATION?

on and on, wondering what it all meant. This was in April. I looked at the pock-marked man with knotted hands, who twitched and twisted nervously. He looked at me and then rose and vanished. He

agency has flourished in our midst, taking trade away from reliable concerns, and has advocated travelling with it—because it works with cultural organizations and key personalities in all countries.

PAPER PUBLISHED BY BELLEVUE HOSPITAL COMMUNIST UNIT FOR NURSES AND DOCTORS



BELLEVUE UNIT

COMMUNIST PARTY

July 1938

TAMMANY EXPOSED

There are still to be found workers in Bellevue who look longingly back to the days when Tammany ruled the city. They remember the days when non-competitive positions in the hospital were had by and one big-shot or

WHO BACKS NAZI SPIES

Hospital workers, and especially those in public institutions like Bellevue, have interest in fighting

CATHOLICS FACE FASCISM

The Roosevelt Recovery Program and its enactment by both houses is a progressive step in the fight for jobs, security, and

was evidently a foreigner whose sinister duty was to rouse the masses. Nurses in several New York Hospitals have told me of Communistic propaganda and activities flourishing in these institutions. The Bellevue Unit is considered to be the leading faction of the Communist party, which is firmly entrenched amongst doctors and nurses. A four page paper called X-Ray has played a prominent part. Here Catholics are used as pawns, Catholic doctrines are even quoted: "Father J. P. Monaghan says there is a general spirit of cooperation throughout life, for we must associate with our fellow men and pull together for social and political advancement." "The question of religious beliefs should have nothing to do with the problem of jobs and security." "Communists respect all religious beliefs and uphold complete religious freedom." "We are the staunchest supporters of democracy. Catholics whose brothers are being persecuted in Hitler Germany should remember that fascism threatens not only the labor movement and Communists who are a part of it, but it threatens everything progressive and decent in life. It threatens to destroy the FREEDOM OF ALL RELIGIONS." "In the face of this terrible menace let us rise above all religious and political differences and join hands for our common salvation, as we would meet some terrible calamity."

Are we Americans so blind, so gullible that we devour hook, line, and sinker all the propaganda dumped in our yards? Yet as we know a tourist

Colleges and Universities, and offer no counter-attack. We have no adequate youth movement such as France has in its Jociste that can effectively stem this tremendous stride which is aiming at corrupting and demoralizing our youth.

Are we prepared to go into the highways and byways and face realities? The Communists are doing it now as never before. They leave no loophole, they work night and day, they have in their ranks the rich and the poor, the lettered and the ignorant. Communists the world over received a rude shock when Berlin and Moscow joined hands. Geneva never could become the stepping stone for



Communism. Her fiercely independent burghers would tolerate no such slavery, such subtle lying propaganda, they ousted Communists and mischief makers. Why should America be so slow?

Yes, CHINESE HAVE SOULS*

by Quentin Morrow Phillip

IT EASILY could have become an international 'incident', followed by very ugly consequences, as such things usually are. It was ugly enough as it was. Only upon the charity of an old woman did it end on a kind note.

She was perhaps sixty-five or seventy years old, a sweet faced Chinese woman whose last years were sorrowed by the enemy invading her land. Life had seldom been kind to her; it is seldom kind to any Chinese native. But these last years laid an especially heavy hand. The barbarous Japs, riding roughshod over the populace they conquered, treated the vanquished like so many cattle, respected neither youth nor age. Their army officers, many still boys and all highly arrogant, incessantly desecrated the dignity of the lives under their charge.

It happened in Shanghai, did this incident. After the Japanese entered it and subjected its people to their will, they posted guards and sentries at all bridges and points of entrance. Nobody was permitted to leave or enter the city without a special pass card. Even the lowliest were required to have them. But possession of a pass did not free one from being submitted to constant and unpro-

voked indignities and abuse. Foreigners, true, could get by with little molestation, but the children of China had to suffer at almost every corner. This at the hands of war lords who proclaimed to the world at large that what they mainly sought was China's friendship. However, the world at large usually only shrugged the matter off. White people, except for a few missionaries and other in-

spired souls, don't give a care what happens to the poor Chinese. They are seldom spoken of in the same breath with other human beings.

Hashimoto was a young petty officer stationed as sentry on one of the bridges leading south from the city. He was not more than twenty-five, but as brutal as the worst of his superiors. How many suffered at his hands is probably a figure beyond reckoning. Every day he heaped new indigni-

ties and abuses on those who passed him, and every day he made himself new enemies who swore they would eventually get his life.

Certainly he had no valid reason to hurt Kokoki, the old Chinese woman. There could not have been a gentler creature anywhere than she. And, if she was a little slow or not as supple as he would demand, her age needed consideration. She was nearly three times as old as he.

Lesson from a Kite

Fly, fly high, jolly kite.
Rival the birds in flight.
Pull and jerk, dodge and fight,
Glide, soar—do what you like.

Though he can't fly away like a bird on the wing,
It is up, and not down he is held by the string.

Your desires like the wind would at once lay you low,
If your conscience, the string, cease to keep you in tow.

Sail, sail high, little kite.
Strive, strain through what is right
Strive for that lofty Height.
There to live in the sight
Of that glorious Might,
And never-ending Light.

* Copyright, The Grail, 1940.

She crossed the bridge very slowly, came to him, and he was in a surly mood. Forcing a tremulous smile, she held up her pass and bowed twice—but not low enough. The bully pushed her flat on her face. Tearful, still trying to smile, she got up and again held up her pass. The sentry raised his knee and kicked her in the stomach—hard. She pitched forward and lay groaning on the pavement. It was an hour before she could get back her breath and crawl away from the brute who looked after her as though she were a rat slinking along the gutter.

When she got to her hovel a short distance from the International Settlement where foreigners lived in sharply contrasting fine houses, she wept bitter tears and tried to alleviate the pains torturing her bruised body. But tears, and even prayer, seem sometimes a useless comfort when one's heart is torn, and their faith in humanity has many times been betrayed.

Hashimoto's morals were as dirty as his work on sentry duty. Every night after his turn at the bridge was done he would disport himself with geisha girls who plied their sad trade near the army headquarters. Worn out as most of them were, for the pick of their class still remained in Japan where existence was safer, they fought to obtain his eye, inasmuch as he paid handsomely for attention received. Through them he came to look upon all women as creatures to be ravished—never thinking that geisha girls are one thing and cultured white girls another. He overstepped himself the evening when he donned civilian clothes and ventured into the International Settlement where he had no right to go.

Alice Louvain was an American girl, the daughter of an Ohio business man who got caught in Shanghai during the first Japanese air raids and who was obliged to stay there until his firm could arrange transportation back to the States. They were there against their will, and also not without a justifiable hate against the barbarians who ruined a city right before their eyes and carried on like depraved beasts. Consequently, when Alice saw Hashimoto in a district where he did not belong and, further, caught him ogling her and plainly trying to make an advance, she ran as fast as she could to the nearest soldier who was one of the international police maintained by the powers, England, France, and the United States.

Action came swift. She had run into an American marine, a devildog, and almost before she herself could realize what happened, he already had several others at his side and they were furiously beating up the little yellow man from the land of the rising sun. They would have killed him on the

spot, but Hashimoto, making a desperate bid for freedom, broke away from them and ran like mad out of the Settlement. They followed after him, all using a devious route to escape guards and sentries on both sides, and it is remarkable that in their wild flight and pursuit they avoided detection by the hundreds of soldiers who were all around their path.

Both sides were in error and in danger. Hashimoto knew he had violated rules and law by going into the International Settlement. More, if his superiors would learn he discarded his uniform and donned civilian clothes at night, he stood every chance to face court martial and probable execution. And the American marines knew that once they quit the Settlement and stepped into Chinese territory proper they were jeopardizing their country's interests and making themselves responsible for an 'incident' that easily could have diplomatic and even more serious repercussions. Wars have been started for smaller reasons than this—but what of it! They all hated the Japs, and they had a score to settle with a brute who would dare insult a white girl. They caught up with him directly in front of Kokoki's poor hovel, and there they again began mercilessly to beat him up, punching and kicking him until he screamed with terror. He could not take the kind of punishment at which he was so adept in giving others. Unfortunately for him the few Chinese who dared to run out into the street at the scream of his voice, made no attempt to stop the brutal assault. First, they recognized him as the sentry on the bridge and were glad to see him being hurt. Secondly, the Americans all carried guns—and weaponless Chinese had learned not to interfere with men who carried guns. That was why, when they heard noises in the night, few would venture to see where they came from. Too many Japanese men with guns prowled the streets at night, and too many of the noises were the tortured cries of their fellowmen who were subjected to vile abuse.

Hashimoto was a livid mass of bruises and welts when he heard Kokoki's shrill cry rise above the voices of the soldiers. He did not know who she was at the time. Lying half senseless, already hardly feeling each new blow on his pain benumbed body, sounds and voices came to him as though from a far distance, as though from another world. His eyes were swollen closed, his mouth raw where their fists had ripped off the flesh, and he hardly even had the strength to groan. He vaguely thought this was his end.

Kokoki, who came out of her hovel as fast as her old feet could carry her, thought at first some

Japanese soldiers were torturing a Chinese youth, and she had run to plead for him. But she hesitated when she saw they were American soldiers. Rightly she guessed Americans would not invade prohibited territory to pursue a Chinese boy. They must have chased a Jap! And she recognized him by the light of a very bright moon. For an instant her heart was glad. Then it sank when she realized how brutally they were beating him. That they were intent on murder required no second guess.

"Please, spare him," she begged in the respectable English she learned on Shanghai's streets. "Please, you have hit him enough." She pushed her way into their midst, grabbed their leader by a sleeve. "Can't you see he is just a boy!"

They paused, looked at her.

"What is he to you?" demanded one of them. "That dirty—has it coming to him, and I've a mind to put a knife through his heart. The filthy—!"

Kokoki had to think very fast. She did not want to see him die, beastly treatment though he had given her. It was not the way of her religion to see men die like dogs. Nor the extreme of her philosophy. She could forgive, bear charity toward even her worst enemy. But to outwit these Americans... After all, they could hardly tell the difference between a Chinaman and a Japanese—and if she could only tell a pardonable lie...

"He is everything to me," she said tearfully. "I do not know what he has done, but you have punished him enough. You will break my heart if you kill him. Please, I am an old woman, and I have not very long to live, and I know how your mother would feel if someone killed you before her very eyes. Please.... he.... he is my boy. Spare his life to me."

They were moved by her pitiful plea, and they seriously doubted they had beat up a Japanese. The woman was a typical Chinese old woman—and they could have made a mistake. These yellow men all did kind of look alike—and maybe the American girl was wrong in the first place. She could have misinterpreted the man's intentions. They couldn't kill a guy right before his mother's eyes. That wasn't the way they'd been taught to fight.

"Okay, lady," said their leader. "We won't kill him. Just drag him off inside, and we'll go our way. Sorry to have messed him up a bit, but he'll pull through. Here—" He put several coins in her hand. "Here, this will pay for some medicine. And tell him to behave himself next time. It's dangerous for yellow boys to flirt with white men's girls."

With that they went off, and how they ever returned to the Settlement without being observed by various sentries probably never will be known.

Kokoki, with the help of several men and women, dragged Hashimoto to her small hovel. There she bathed him and dressed his wounds and prayed over him until he regained consciousness. For many days afterward while he hovered on the brink of death, she was at his side constantly, literally fighting to save him, and all the while cautioning her neighbors to say nothing about him to anyone lest his superiors discover where he disappeared and punish him anew.

Hashimoto was filled with great remorse when he finally realized who she was and how she had saved his life. And when he had recovered and was able to make himself understood in a dialect they both knew, he thanked her in the finest sentiments he could express, reviled himself for the beast he had been, begged her to tell him what she would have him do to repay her kindness.

And she told him.

"Hashimoto," she said, "I would have you believe in the God Who is my God. You are a heathen. All your deeds have been the deeds of a heathen. You could not love an enemy as I love you. I have prayed for your soul ever since the day when you struck me. If I could teach you to love the Christ I adore and know you will fight on the side of my poor and oppressed people, I would die happy. I would tell God you are a good boy, that you only erred as a boy sometimes will."

Hashimoto knew of what she spoke. He had watched her pray often, understood her prayers were answered. He knew what her charity and kindness meant. He thought about them long and hard during his convalescence. He was not blind, nor without reasoning. The fatalism and empty stoicism of the Orient were not in her. She lived for an eternity, and he had lived but for the day—and he wanted her faith. For upon his painful bed he had counted the stores of his life and found much wanting, and she had shown him where to look for what he lacked.

"Kokoki," he said, pressing her wrinkled hands to his lips, "I will believe what you believe. Henceforth your God will be my God, your people my people. I am ashamed for my masters. I renounce them. They are mine no longer. I will cast my lot with China, for a new and glorious China, and Kokoki will pray for me. I am her son. I will not have her weep over me again. She will take me to the mission fathers and by them I shall cut off my past."

The old woman smiled a wan but happy smile, thrust a small crucifix in his hand, looked out upon the street where a few weeks before she picked up a fallen soul.

The QUEST for TRUTH

Richard Felix, O.S.B.

Why does the Catholic Church presume to put certain books on the index and forbid her people to read them?

The Catholic Church puts certain books on the Index for the same reason that a good druggist puts a skull and cross bones on every bottle of poison. The Church labels poisonous literature Poison.

The advocates of modern paganism are well aware that a daily diet of irreligious and immoral reading will soon destroy the moral and religious life of the most ardent Christian. The calumnies against the Church set afloat in the sixteenth century are still going the rounds of gossip today. The unbelieving critics who in the past generation made use of every means to belittle the Bible have brought millions of one-time orthodox Christians to deny the faith that once was theirs. How many souls too, once noble and pure, have given themselves over to a life of lust and immorality through the constant reading of sexy and salacious novels!

If the State has a right and a duty to safeguard its citizens from contagious diseases, to restrict the sale and use of narcotics, and to exercise a vigilant censorship over the press, at least in times of war, the Church, as the representative of Christ, has just as imperative a right and a duty to protect the faith and morals of her children. She is always at war with heresy, superstition, immorality, and irreligion. This and nothing more is the meaning of the Index of forbidden books.

Why do Catholics ring the bells of their churches morning, noon, and evening?

The ringing of these bells is to remind Catholics to say the Angelus, a short devotion in honor of the Incarnation of Christ. The devotion is called the Angelus because the first words of the prayer to be said begin as follows: "The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary." The Angelus therefore reminds us of the message of the Angel Gabriel who brought the good news of the Birth of Jesus Christ. Catholics are asked to begin the day by remembering this great

benefit, to recall it again at noon, and at the close of the day.

The morning Angelus bell in medieval Europe was frequently called the peace bell as the Bishops often urged their people to pray for peace while it was being tolled. The mid-day Angelus was generally associated with the commemoration of our Lord's Death on the Cross, while the evening Angelus was a popular imitation of the night prayers of the monks. In any case, the Angelus was always meant to remind Catholics of the fact that the Son of God came into this world for the redemption of mankind and that they should never forget it.

How can one explain the fact that the Jews failed to see in Christ the fulfillment of all of their prophecies?

First of all, the Jews at the time of Christ were a very corrupt people. This is a strong statement but their own contemporary historian, Flavius Josephus, tells us that the Jews of his day were so wicked that had not the Romans come to punish them God certainly would have overwhelmed them with another deluge. Their wickedness closed their ears to the message of Christ just as the morally corrupt lives of many today bring about the same result. Secondly, the leaders of the Jewish people, the Scribes and Pharisees, hated Christ because He exposed their hypocrisy. Instead of examining His claims impartially they kept the people from Him as far as they could and in the end literally hounded Him to death. Lastly, owing partly to the Pharisees' interpretation of the sacred writings and partly to foreign oppression and national pride, the Jewish people had come to think of the Messias not so much as one who would deliver them from sin but as a great temporal king who would break the Roman yoke and lead them to world empire.

But if some excuse can be found for the Jews of our Lord's day, what can be said in favor of the Jew of today? The Jew of today has not only seen the fulfillment of all of their prophecies in Christ but is very conscious of the fact that with Christ

the communications of God to the Jewish people have come to an end. No prophet has arisen among them since the time of our Lord. Jehovah has been silent to them for two thousand years. Moreover they have seen fulfilled all that Christ foretold about them—Jerusalem and their temple destroyed and they themselves scattered among the nations. Their position religiously is difficult indeed to understand. Of this however we may be certain, their existence as a religious body would not be possible did not God sustain them for some very definite purpose. Part of that purpose is surely this, that their continued existence serves as telling testimony both to the truth of Christianity and to the truthfulness of their own Prophets.

Why do you Catholics believe in a literal hell?

It seems quite popular today for many to deny, or at least to call into doubt, the traditional doctrine of the Church concerning Hell. But it is foolish and futile to seek refuge in a false security, or to think that by ignoring an unwelcome truth it has ceased to exist for us. There is a literal Hell. "Then He shall say to them that shall be on His left hand: Depart from Me, you cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels" (Matt. 25:41; comp. Mark 3:29; Luke 16:24; John 3:15). These are the most terrifying words that Christ ever addressed to the human race. No artifice of speech or method of exegesis can minimize their awful significance.

What honor do you Catholics pay to the Virgin Mary?

Catholics love Mary as the Mother of Jesus, pay her honor and homage above all the Saints, reverence, respect, and venerate her, but never worship or adore her. Adoration belongs to God alone. Mary is the most perfect of God's creatures, but after all, she is only a creature and in no sense divine or deserving of adoration. In her own name, Mary can give us nothing. Her power with God is mighty, but it is limited to petition and intercession.

BETWEEN THE LINES

with

Don Shaughnessy and Alfred Horrigan

On the Brighter Side

THERE is seldom an evil so pernicious that some good cannot be drawn therefrom. Not even war escapes this possibility. For regardless how terrifying and ghastly war might seem, it does have its brighter aspects. And, at this time, it is just these portions of war which should be emphasized. For with all the "on the spot reporting," and "news from the warring capitols," plus the "hear a battle while you wait" stuff, we are just about at our wits' end. It is not the diplomats who suffer in this "war of nerves"; it is the populace, and a so-called neutral populace at that. We need refreshment, a look at the brighter side of the picture.

One such bright picture is an indirect result of the present hostilities in Europe. It takes shape as an added stimulus to the growing Jocist movement in America. Jocism, or the Young Christian Workers as it is known in America, is an authentic form of the missionary movement Catholic Action. It is an organization of Christian youth, and has as its object the winning of the world for Christ the Worker. It is the inculcation of the entire Christian milieu with the vivifying force of the Redeemer.

When war came to Europe it became practically impossible for American students to continue their studies abroad, so they hiked for home. In this homeward bound contingent there were several students from Louvain. These men had seen Jocism at its best, in Belgium and in France. They were not blind to the great things that Canon Cardijn had done for the young workers of Europe, and they were convinced that similar results could be had in America. All that was necessary was to get the idea across.

Eventually these seminarians reported to seminaries in their home-

land. They took with them the ideals of Jocism and began immediately to tell their American brothers what wonders Jocism had done for the youth of Europe, and picturing what its American counterpart, the Y.C.W., could do in the States. It was not long until they realized that they had an eager and enthusiastic audience among the American seminarians. At this juncture the Reverend D. J. Kanaly, the very soul of the movement in America, came upon the scene.

Father Kanaly, himself just fresh from Louvain, was convinced that study cells should be inaugurated in the seminaries and colleges throughout the country. When he saw what an enthusiastic reception the Y.C.W. received among the seminarians he determined to place his plan into action. It was with this in mind that he approached the students of several seminaries in the Middlewest. As a result four seminaries started study cells to investigate the workings of Jocism, and to lay plans for the Y.C.W. in America.

These study cells, although still in the embryonic stage, give promise of great things in the future. It is their hope to build up a nucleus of Y.C.W. enthusiasts among the priests of the country in order to place in action the technique and ideals of that great apostle of the workers, Canon Cardijn. Father Cardijn's success has been phenomenal. In fifteen short years this tireless worker has transformed the entire aspect of work and workers in both Belgium and France. In these two countries alone he has well over 200,000 workers marching under the banner of Christ the Worker.

His work began in Belgium in 1924. Since that date his ideals have spread to the entire Christian world. France soon followed Belgium, and then began a constant procession of countries; Holland, Portugal, Spain,

Luxemburg, Switzerland, England, Yugo-Slavia, Austria and so on down the line. In the Western Hemisphere we find Jocism making rapid strides. French Canada has a strong section, and the United States presents a promising picture. In South America there are units in practically every country, being particularly strong in Columbia and Brazil.

Y.C.W. in America

THE Young Christian Worker movement is still very much of an infant in the United States. But if the successes which have characterized the work of the existing groups is any indication of the future, one may look ahead with the firmest optimism. Although its growth has not been phenomenal, the Y.C.W. has shown gains from the very beginning, and may, at this time, boast of a fine crowd of Christian Workers.

At the present time the Y.C.W. has its headquarters in Ponca City, Oklahoma, and is under the direction of the Reverend D. J. Kanaly. Father Kanaly has a small staff with him in Ponca City, and it is the work of this staff to formulate the plans for national organization, and to work for national unity.

This is the chief problem facing the group at present. They must organize on a national scale. Integration of the existing groups into a corporate whole is imperative, for without national unity there can be no hope of permanent success. To facilitate this work of co-ordination Father Kanaly has laid plans for a monthly publication. It is his hope that the first issue will appear this month. It should be interesting to watch the progress of this publication.

There are also other problems facing this young organization. There is a constitution to be written, and

rules governing the function of the individual cells to be formulated and set down. But perhaps the most difficult of all is the task of accommodating Jocism to the American scene. Conditions in America are a far cry from the conditions in which Jocism was conceived and nurtured into a living organism. This may take time, but there is no doubt in the minds of the Young Christian Workers that it can be accomplished.

It is with the conviction of the Crusaders that these youths of the twentieth century face the task of winning the world for Christ the Worker.

Social Legislation

ONE of the contributing factors in the failure of much of our modern social legislation to accomplish its purpose is the lack of understanding of this legislation on the part of the people for whom it is intended. This in turn is due to the failure of those who accomplish such legislation to explain, with any degree of clarity, the meaning and scope of the laws. If we continue to build up false hopes in such legislation, by failing to inform the people what they may or may not expect from these regulations, we cannot hope to obtain any degree of tranquillity, or peace, among the workers.

This may be due, to some extent, to the fact that the complexities of the modern economic structure defies even the most expert, but we cannot help thinking that much of the trouble is due to the failure, on the part of the legislators, to think the program out to its final conclusion. This was most evident in the recent repeal of the embargo on arms. Few of the men who favored repeal really comprehend the difficulties which their action occasioned. They simply acted on the advice of others, ignoring completely the far reaching effects which followed immediately upon the passage of repeal.

If this be the case, if much of our legislation is put through without being fully thought out, and without any attempt to educate the people to its purpose, how can we expect the people to have any idea of what it means to them? How can they help

getting a false idea of the entire measure and thereby expect more than it is the intention of the law to give? Under such conditions it is little wonder that the workers believe that the minimum-wage laws are just what the doctor ordered.

This frame of mind obtains simply because the workers are convinced that low wages are the direct result of one thing; the exploiting of the workers by the employer. They do not see that low wages may result from many causes, and nothing has been done to disabuse them of this false idea. They do not see, for example, that, under certain conditions, the minimum-wage laws may even work to their detriment and are not the panacea they thought them to be. And this is true simply because no attempt has been made to explain fully the limitations of the laws.

In the case where the employer simply exploits labor to further his own end it is evident that minimum-wage laws are effective in accomplishing good for the worker. For here the unjust practice is abolished, and there is little danger of unfavorable reactions on the part of capital. That is, there is little likelihood that capital will withdraw from the field, raise the prices, nor is there great danger that such action will create unemployment.

This is all very clear and the workers can see the logic of the situation, but there are other causes for low wages. And in these instances the minimum-wage works with varying success. For example, low wages may be the direct result of a price-cutting program. In such cases the consumer is benefited, but this generally indicates that too much capital has been invested in the commodity and that the employer is attempting to get out with as little damage as possible. In such instances minimum-wage laws will boost prices, and if the worker purchases his own product his wage increase will be diminished. But regardless of whether he does so or not he will more than likely find himself unemployed; for such a policy will tend to slough off the less efficient men, and induce substitutes into the field. Considering the entire

field of labor this will work for the common good, but there is danger that, for the time being at least, there will be genuine disorder among the workers.

Not infrequently do we find sub-par wages the direct result of inefficient management. In such cases the minimum-wage legislation will either bring about a greater efficiency or will force the less efficient out entirely. It can be seen that in either case there will be a gain for society, but there is also the danger of temporary unemployment. Thus there will be real hardship for the period of readjustment, and in such periods it is difficult for the worker to see how he is being benefited by such legislation.

Inefficiency on the part of the workers is sometimes found to be the cause of low wages. In such a case there are only two avenues of escape. Either capital and labor will enter other fields, or the employer will use greater care to choose his employees on the basis of efficiency. Regardless of the procedure there is a certain element of labor which will suffer real hardship.

Thus we see that regardless of how intentioned such social legislation may be, and how well it is worked out, there is always the danger that certain groups of workers will suffer for the good of the whole. These weak points must be pointed out so as to lessen the shock they might have on society, and to correct them when possible.

The Game

THE Bowl crop this year looks bigger and better than ever. Time was when the Rose Bowl extravaganza at Pasadena had the New Year's spotlight pretty much to itself. Now you can pick up a football game that afternoon about every five kilocycles on your radio dial.

We like our football as well as the next fan, but for the life of us we cannot see any point in this mushroom growth of post-season Bowl games. They reek of commercialism. They are big shows engineered by professional promoters and chambers of commerce whose motives hardly coincide with the principles sup-

Dreams Come True--Sometimes

Eugene Spiess, O.S.B.

"NOT sufficient light is thrown on the questions concerning dreams in the text-books used by students in our seminaries" is a remark that was made to the writer years ago by the instructor of Oriental languages in the Benedictine College of San Anselmo in the Eternal city.

A lack of space will not permit the writer to trace the views and the estimation in which dreams were held by the ancients down to our own age, which adopted the maxim "As empty as a dream." The Jewish nation of old had its legislation relative to superstition and divination by dreams. The Jew was also told that God *did* speak to the patriarchs and prophets of old, using the dream in making His revelation to men.

May We Believe in Dreams?

In the second part of his *Summa Theologica*, question 95, article 6,

the Church's Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, writes at length concerning dreams. He divides the causes of dreams into causes that are "in us" and causes that are "outside of us." He then says that the inward causes of dreams are "two-fold, one regarding the *soul*, in so far as those things which have occupied a man's thoughts and affections while awake recur to his imagination while asleep." And the other, the Saint goes on to say: "regards the *body* because the inward disposition of the body leads to the formation of a movement in the imagination consistent with that disposition."

In like manner, says the Angelic Doctor, "the outward cause of dreams is twofold, due to the disposition of the air (atmosphere), the dispositions of the heavenly bodies as they may influence the sleeper." These are then material outward causes.

According to St. Thomas the outward causes may also be of a spiritual nature; for instance, God, either directly, or through an angel or saint in heaven, may speak to man, or the demon may worry a man.

When we dream we become, as it were, semi-conscious. At any rate the *soul* is partially awake while the body is enwrapped in deep slumber. In sleep we cannot use the faculty of our *free will*. Only our imagination and fantasy come into play, and, since there is no free will and reason to guide us, we become like a steam-engine that runs without a governor.

Animals too are able to dream. This is because the animal has a soul, not *rational* but a *sensitive* soul. The writer often observed the antics of his little pet dog Rex while Rex was asleep. Stretched out on the floor before his master, Rex, who de-

posedly underlying intercollegiate athletics.

These Bowl games accomplish nothing and prove nothing. Talk of national championships in football is plain nonsense as any sports writer, not speaking for publicity, will cheerfully admit. The games hook up a couple of teams from different conferences or different sections, but so what? Not in one case out of ten will the outcome of the game be a final word on the relative merits of the conferences or sections. Football is too big for that sort of thing.

The college that accepts a Bowl game invitation accepts a heavy responsibility along with it. It means

that the academic atmosphere generally associated with institutions of higher learning is disrupted completely by the hysterical build-up of nation-wide publicity. Further, it generally means that the football season is prolonged for about four or five weeks. If you tack an extensive spring training program on to that you have the boys out there playing from March to January. That is running a good thing into the ground. After all those other funny looking buildings which you see on college campuses in back of the stadia have some reason for being there.

Some maintain that big-time football, especially in the form of the post-season Bowl games, is too colorful, interesting, and popular a spectacle to be scrapped. We admit all that. But why exploit our educational institutions? Why not improve the caliber of the football presented and at the same time eliminate all of the unsavoury angles? It would be very simple. Our suggestion is to throw in the New York Giants against the Green Bay Packers in the Rose Bowl, the Washington Redskins against the Chicago Bears in the Sugar Bowl and so on down the line. What do you think?

tested cats and rats, could be seen at times moving his legs as if he were running and a feeble attempt at a bark could be heard. Rex dreamed, either of a cat or a rat, and in his dream he was after the object he so hated and detested.

Among the physical causes that dispose one to dream in sleep we probably must give first place to a stomach that digests food badly. Over-eating, and the excessive use of alcoholic drinks, will also bring about dreams, and, alcoholic drinks readily dispose one to giving himself up to all sorts of passions, especially to the passion of lust. *People who perhaps because of bad habits in their youth, lie on their backs during sleep are apt to have immodest dreams.* We know the reason for that. In the small of the back, quite close to the kidneys are the nerve centers that govern the lower passions in man. Lying on one's back in bed these nerve centers become over-stimulated by being unduly heated. The result is often, in sensitive people, an immodest dream. Any physician will tell you that quinine taken in large quantity, at least in 5 gr. doses, will be found a splendid sedative for the passion of lust.

Among the inward causes that affect the soul, as St. Thomas expresses it, the thoughts and affections one has while awake quite often will most readily recur to the sleeper in a dream. It seems not impossible for pious persons who love and venerate a certain saint to see this saint in their dreams, and in their fantasy have the saint to say this or that which their imagination puts into the mouth of the saint. In sleep the soul is not so encumbered by the body as when we are awake; hence we can surmise or think of this or that, and, should the things we dreamed about come to pass, we are led to think that they have been revealed. However, saints and angels have appeared to men in dreams. The writer shall give, towards the end of this article, a Jesuit Father's rule of conduct people must follow in matters of dreams.

Outward things, too, like the ringing of a bell can bring about a dream. An elderly priest and the

writer occupied two different beds in the same room. A bell was tolled in that town. "Cracked pot," came from the lips of the elderly priest. Some people dream aloud. Was my priestly companion dreaming of "cracked pots" when the sound of the bell reached his ears?

The air too according to St. Thomas and the disposition of heavenly bodies can influence human bodies in sleep. They influence the person suffering from rheumatism even while awake. To the question the school-teacher put to her class—where do thunderstorms come from? little Bobby replied, "from my grandmother's bones." If sickness or pain afflicts you while awake it can afflict you in your sleep and cause horrible dreams. And as for "the disposition of the heavenly bodies" we know from modern science that all organism, plants, animals and the human body are influenced by electro-magnetic phenomena of the heavenly bodies, by sun-spots and by the polarized light of the moon. The polarized light of the moon has quite a different effect on organism than the diffused light of the sun has. The continuous bombardment of human beings by Hertian rays that come from broad-casting stations and reach your radio may have a good or bad influence upon human beings. The question whether this bombardment by day and night can bring about disease, the writer leaves to wiser heads.

God Speaks in Dreams

That God *does* reveal to man using the dream as the means of instructing him, is evident from the Sacred Scriptures. From these same Sacred Scriptures it is likewise evident that *God condemns the practice of constantly observing dreams.*

In the book of Job we read: "By a dream in a vision by night, when deep sleep falleth upon men and they are sleeping in their beds, then He, God, to wit, openeth the ears of men, and teaching instructeth them in what they are to learn." In Genesis we read of Joseph, the son of Jacob, interpreting the dreams of Pharaoh's butler and of his chief baker. In the

book of the prophet Daniel we read of Daniel interpreting the dream of the king of Babylon. In the gospels we read of St. Joseph and the apparition of an angel to him in dreams, directing the foster-father of Christ as to what he must do. Here then we have the evidence from the Sacred Scriptures that God *does* use the dream, on extraordinary occasions, in order to communicate with man. Nor did these dreams leave any doubt, for instance, in the mind of St. Joseph, for Holy Scripture says that St. Joseph lost not a moment's time and fled into Egypt with the Child and its Mother.

The practice of the ancients habitually to observe dreams is condemned in the Holy Scriptures. In the book of Deuteronomy we read: "Neither let there be found among you anyone... that observeth dreams." In Ecclesiastes we read: "Where there are many dreams, there are many vanities, and words without number: but do thou fear God." The book of Ecclesiasticus contains this: "For dreams have deceived many, and they have failed that put their trust in them."

On account of the wild flight of man's fantasy, the lucidity of the soul in its imaginative faculties and powers when the soul is not encumbered by the body in sleep, thus knowing or surmising the things that then actually come to pass, we are told by St. Alphonsus and the early Church Fathers to banish from our minds *all* dreams. If God be speaking to us in a dream He will so arrange the dream that we *cannot* doubt it, as was the case with St. Joseph when told to flee immediately into Egypt, as Herod was planning to kill the babes at Bethlehem. This is the gist of the doctrine on this matter taught us by St. Alphonsus.

The writer here submits three dreams concerning which there can be but little doubt. All three were dreams of our own time, the first being well authenticated by a Catholic magazine in which it appeared a few years ago.

A certain physician, who was a thorough atheist, said to his pious Catholic wife one day: "I shall

never believe in the existence of God until God has shown me that He actually exists."

No doubt, due to the pious prayers of the physician's wife, the good Lord actually condescended to give this proof to the atheist, a grace unbelievers usually do not receive, for the price of eternal salvation is belief, Faith, and not that which atheists are willing to pay.

Arising one morning the physician told his wife of a very awe-inspiring dream he had during the night. A hearse which was driven by a young man dressed in very gaudy livery stopped before the physician in his dream. The young man leaped from the driver's seat and rushing to the rear of the hearse, opened the doors of the hearse, at the same time bowing graciously, with a sort of exaggerated bow of courtesy, extending both hands toward the physician, inviting him to enter the hearse where the dead in their coffins enter it.

The dream worried the physician to some degree, for he spoke of it to his wife at breakfast. The physician became considerably more pensive when on the next morning he stated to his wife that he had the identical dream he had the night before. When the identical dream recurred to the physician for the *third* time (the Catholic magazine spoke of a *third* recurrence of the same dream, if the writer's memory serves him well) the physician became extremely sad, for, even an atheist, deep down in his heart, has some faith.

While in this sad mood the physician in question was called to a certain room in a hotel, the hotel clerk informing the physician of a sick guest at the hotel. Arriving in the lobby of that hotel the physician walked towards the elevator. What a horror! The young man who conducted the elevator was the *same* young man, dressed in the *same* livery, seen by the physician in his dream. Having opened the door of the elevator the young man now bowed extending his hands towards the physician inviting him into the elevator, just as he did when inviting the physician to enter the hearse

in the three dreams the physician had.

The physician was so horror-stricken on seeing this identical young man doing the very things he did in those dreams, that his horror caused him, unwittingly, to sway away from the elevator, and he decided that he would use the stairs to reach his patient on one of the upper floors.

Arriving at one of the upper floors the physician now heard a terrible crash and the consequent commotion which it caused among the inmates of that hotel. The elevator had fallen and crashed to the very depth of the elevator shaft killing the occupants who were in the elevator. The physician in question now became a good Catholic. He was convinced that there is a *God* Who gave him, in three dreams the warning he so prudently observed—not to enter the elevator that was about to crash.

A nineteen year old youth, the writer's own uncle, arose from bed one morning saying to his mother, the writer's grandmother: "I shall not take my breakfast this morning, I shall go to church first and go to confession and Holy Communion." He explained to his mother that he was horror-stricken by a dream he had. The nature of the dream he did not explain to his mother, as far as the writer is aware. "What," the writer's grandmother now said to her son, "what, do you believe in dreams? Do you not know it is not right to allow oneself to be influenced by dreams?" The young man showed determination. No one could keep him from going to church to receive the sacraments. His mother finally said to him: "Well, I know one thing positively, it is no sin to go to confession and Holy Communion, so go."

In the evening of this day, the young man having finished his daily labors, said to his mother: "I shall lie down a little and rest myself before taking supper." His mother replied: "Very well, I will call you when supper is ready." She did, only to find her youthful son lying on the bed—a corpse.

A neighbor lady, in a very excited mood, came to the home of the writer's grandparents in Brooklyn, N. Y. She explained that she was on her way to church to go to confession. Cautioned by one of the members of the writer's family not to worry the clergy at such an unusual hour but to wait until morning before Mass, the lady in question tried to picture her horror because of a dream she had during the night. She was warned not to be influenced by dreams, that placing confidence in dreams is a moral fault, etc., etc. The lady went to church and her confession was heard by one of the priests. This lady was found dead by a member of her family the very next morning. She had died during the night.

Note, kind reader, that in the case of the last two dreams spoken of here, there was question not only of the eternal salvation of the parties concerned, but of their imminent death. In the case of the atheistic physician there was question, indirectly, of possible death in an elevator, *directly* there was question of the eternal salvation of the physician.

The learned Jesuit moral theologian, Father Slater, has this to say, among other things, concerning dreams: "Constantly to guide ourselves by dreams would be mortally sinful; to allow them to influence us occasionally and in matters of little moment would not be more than a venial sin."

In practice the writer begs *all* Christians to banish *all* dreams and to be positive that if anything be revealed to them from heaven, God Himself, as St. Alphonsus says, will so arrange the dream that they cannot be mistaken.

If nothing else be at stake, that is, if only one's *eternal salvation* be touched in a dream, either directly or indirectly, then let one *take no risk*—go to confession, make his peace with God, for his holy angel *may* have warned him, he does not know; therefore let him *go to confession*, never take a risk concerning eternal salvation.

THE BIBLE and SCIENCE

Joachim Walsh, O.S.B.

Human interpretations of the Bible and science, pseudo-science and the Bible, may conflict,—science and the Bible never. Interpretations of the Bible are not always the Bible; hypotheses in science are not always science.

TO INTERPRET the Bible correctly in its connections with science, it is imperative that we understand and keep in mind the mission of the Bible, and its method of dealing with man in his primitive scientific status.

The mission of the Bible is distinctively and absolutely spiritual. Teaching physical science is thus wholly foreign to it. It comes to man, not to interfere with his ideas of physical science, but, meeting him on his own peculiar plane of knowledge physical, adapts itself in infinite condescension to his child-like, inadequate ideas of the mysterious universe of matter in which he finds himself, and takes hold of the hand of the wandering child with simply one thought; to lead him back to the Father he seeks; leaving the correction of his ideas of the physical universe, and of all other human sciences, to the growing light of the child's developing reason, and the unfoldings of time.

Accepting this as the correct view of the case, we are not to expect that the Bible, given to man in his infancy, is to address that man as if he were acquainted with the Copernican system of the universe, had weighed with Torricelli the firmament, and explored with Lyell the rocks. These fields are left gymnasia for the play of man's God-bestowed intellect. If the divine wisdom, come to teach man moral truth, find him in his infancy in physical

knowledge, holding the idea that the expanse of the earth's atmosphere is a solid crystalline vault in which are "windows of heaven," if he thinks the earth stands still and the sun moves,—the language is adapted to such views.

In our endeavors to explain biblico-scientific questions we should always have before our minds the Holy Father's recent encyclical on *The Study of the Sacred Scriptures*. The Doctor of the Faithful writes: "There can never, indeed, be any real discrepancy between the theologian and the physicist, as long as each confines himself within his own lines, and both are careful, as St. Augustine warns us, 'not to make rash assertions, or to assert what is not known as known.' If dissension should arise between them, here is the rule also laid down by St. Augustine, for the theologian:—'Whatever they can really demonstrate to be true of physical nature, we must show to be capable of reconciliation with our Scriptures; and whatever they assert in their treatises which is contrary to those Scriptures of ours, that is Catholic faith, we must either prove it as well as we can to be entirely false, or at all events we must, without the smallest hesitation, believe it to be so.' To understand how just is the rule here formulated we must remember, first, that the sacred writers, or to speak more accurately, the Holy Ghost Who spoke by them, did not intend to

teach men these things (that is to say, the essential nature of the things of the visible universe), things in no way profitable unto salvation. Hence they did not seek to penetrate the secrets of nature, but rather described and dealt with things in more or less figurative language, or in terms which were commonly used at the time, and which in many instances are in daily use at this day, even by the most eminent men of science. Ordinary speech primarily and properly describes what comes under the senses; and somewhat in the same way the sacred writers—as the Angelic Doctor also reminds us—“went by what sensibly appeared,” or put down what God, speaking to men, signified in the way men could understand and were accustomed to.”

If we find the grand volunteer utterances of its opening page—the creation of all by the One whose book the Bible claims to be, and creation in a certain order in the creatures and time—confirmed by later science, we have here evidence of a wisdom higher than the human wisdom of that early day. The Book will thus on its first page declare its divine Author, and give a reason for a respectful hearing.

Whether we study the Bible or the great book of Nature, we in either case have before us the Almighty's record, and the truths inculcated, if so be

that we read aright, will in all cases be in perfect harmony with one another as well as with Truth itself. This being the case, the man of faith welcomes every genuine contribution to science as a precious addition to the already vast store of knowledge, since it will also be of priceless worth in illustrating and corroborating the truths of faith as well. Yet, he knows there is too much of doubt and uncertainty in the world of science for us to decline the undeniable helps of revelation—too much fog and darkness enveloping many problems for us to close our eyes to the sun of Truth or for us to make naught of the light of God's inspired word.

What buoys and lighthouses are to the seafaring man, that expressions of revealed truth and principles of Christian philosophy are to the man of science. They are so many beacons warning him of hidden rocks of religious error or the treacherous coastline of a false philosophy.

As the master of a ship neither sacrifices his intellectual freedom nor commits an act of unwisdom by following the indications of buoy and lighthouse, so neither does the man of science forfeit his liberty of thought nor violate the dictates of right reason in suffering himself to be guided by the teachings of an infallible faith or by the divinely inspired words of the Book of books.

GOSPEL MOVIES BY P.K.

The Devil's Daughter's Dowry



Follow not in thy strength
the desires of thy heart."
—Eccles. 5:2.

IN THE fireproof vault of the lower regions is kept a copy of Satan's diary. One of the entries there reads: "Time and place unknown, the Devil takes Godlessness to wife." Of this infernal wedlock, according to an ancient writer, many daughters have been born. Because these are of noble lineage, they are given in marriage to men of equal rank in life. Pride is wedded to sons of the nobility. Greed becomes the better half of merchants; and so on. But "proud Papa" is eager to give away wanton Lust to any and all suitors indiscriminately. With her hand he promises a fitting dowry.

Lust will invite you to keep company with her in the dark lest you see her slimy, serpentine form. She tries to make herself attractive as far as sin can. Reared in an atmosphere of idleness and sensual pleasures, given to the reading of salacious novels, attending strip-tease acts and suggestive movies, pampered by sensual pleasure and all luxury, well versed in all the degrading arts, she is well fitted to play her seductive role. She uses B. O. (brimstone odor) for perfume. Her kiss is poisonous. Her embrace is deadly. Over her features she throws a thin veil of momentary sensual gratification.

If her hand is already in one of yours, use the other free one to pull the veil from her diabolic form. One look at her in the broad daylight of reason will make you hesitate to pronounce your tragic "I will;" and if you heed the promptings of your best man—Faith—you will seek an everlasting divorce before the fatal marriage.

And her dowry? If you want her and take her to wife, you will have to call for it at her father's home. A warm welcome and reception awaits you there.

I SAW POP DO IT!

Gerard Ellspermann, O.S.B.

A THOROUGH study of the human body, the work of God's omnipotent hand, reveals wonder upon wonder. What, think you, when all its parts have been considered, every tissue and organ examined and function probed,—what is the great wonder of them all? Is it the uninterrupted thump of the heart, pumping the life-giving blood to the motherless cells of the body? The regular inhalation and exhalation of air by the lungs? The faithful functioning of the digestive system? No, not these! Then surely you must admire the minute mechanism of the eye, the sensitiveness of the ear, the acuteness and discernment of the other senses, the—but why seek further? You know and I know the great wonder, for in our minds there flash these words of the Almighty issued in the form of a blessing, "Increase and multiply, and fill the earth." Our first parents were given, so to say, a part in the very creative power of God, becoming procreators with Him. Sublime dignity of man! Man is given the power to take an active part in the workings of God's plan, for it is only by man's co-operation that a new creature is born into the world.

The exercise by man of this God-given power results in a new creature. Now that it is here, we may seek the ultimate reason of its existence. Why is it here? Simply because God has thought of it, has loved it, has destined it to be united to Him forever. As Pharaoh's daughter said to Moses's mother, so God says to parents, "Take this child and nurse him for me: I will give thee thy wages." Then shall the parents follow the example of the mother of Moses: "The woman took and nursed the child: and when he was grown up, she delivered him to Pharaoh's daughter."

This, then, is the task set before the parents, to make of this child of earth a child of God. In the words of St. John Bosco this child "is a trea-

sure, a jewel," but a "jewel which is alive, which grows and develops." In fact, this growing jewel must pass through three distinct stages before it is ready to be given back to God, from the instinctive stage of infancy through the imitative phase of youthful days to independence of adult life. Of these three stages I chose that of imitation to enlarge upon, assured of the fact that the proper use of the imitative tendency will and has controlled the conduct of the child and shaped the character of the adult.

As Only an Artist Can

An incense boat of prayer acrest
The frenzied foam of care.
And I at helm
In peace.
Again? Oh no!
But yes, a welling leak
As searching thought seeps thru my
porous prayer.

The incense grains of prayer become
Distraction's mocking mess.
What's this? A Hand!
It molds
This mud into a model
Skillful for my untaught eagerness.

What many call distractions
Are only that when willful.
But finding fruit of prayer in prayer
A god-like gift—most skillful.

Gregory Richter

Do we imitate? Almost a superfluous question. Look at the people around you; turn the spotlight on yourself and see how you copy, how you imitate, how you shape your life, your actions after the life, the actions, nay, even the mannerisms and idiosyncrasies of those you esteem, revere, and love. Thus virtue flourishes. The charity of one becomes the charity of another; the patience of one that of the other. The smile of one causes a smile to flash on the face of another. And thus good spreads. But, on the other hand, all too easily, too swiftly, too unconsciously the faults, the negligences, and even the vices of others are a subject of our imitation. Yes, we imitate. All imitate, even the most independent of us.

But, above all and before all, children, naive, innocent, simple, imitate without the least thought of the effect on their young lives. Our Divine Lord, the Teacher, Leader, and Friend of children emphatically warns all, "He that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea." For what the child sees and hears, he imitates.

A faithful saying—"Like father, like son." And why? The child has before its eyes the example and in its ears the words of its parents. Word

and example are inseparably connected; for instruction to be of worth must at all times be fortified by example. "Practice what you preach," and "Example speaks louder than words" are not idle sayings. It cannot be denied that as boys and girls grow up they produce in themselves more and more faithfully the example of their parents; they become in very truth "a chip off the old block." You, parents, if you expect the fruits of truth, sincerity, and the true spirit of meekness to be patent in the lives of your sons and daughters sow the seed by your own good example.

Educators tell us to begin with the concrete when teaching children. Now what is more concrete than example? And who is able to give this example better than a mother? There in the home, that first and most important of schools; the mother teaches, the mother guides, or may even, at times, lead her child on the wrong way. "But I am no teacher," this or that young mother may object. Whether you will or no, teach you do, if not intentionally, at least unconsciously by your daily example. For at least five precious years you, Mother, have almost complete control of your child. While sitting on your lap, leaning on you for support, tugging at your apron strings your child is receiving many an indelible impression from you. How often

it has been said with telling truthfulness that one owes very much to a good mother. Remember that there at your side is the best kindergarten. Only the wise, virtuous mother can give to the child the education that is proper to that age, only the mother can properly and lovingly observe, instruct, correct, and form the character of the child. And you, Father, what is your task? True, you spend less time at home than the mother. But you are not for that reason relieved of your duty of supervising your child's education and conduct. When Father or Mother hear their child say, "I saw my parents do it," will pride or shame take hold of them? They hold the answer.

Home training furnishes the solid background for the child. Yet, there is another circle which surrounds the boy or girl and aids in the formation of character. This is the circle of his or her friends and acquaintances. According to St. John Bosco, the friend of boys, a lad must be fully convinced of the truth of these words of Holy Scripture:—"Those who keep company with the virtuous become virtuous too, while the friends of the foolish become like to them also." Is it too much to ask of parents to have a watchful and solicitous eye fixed on their child's companions?

Open Forum

This Month

James O'Connor

LETTER OF A POTENTIAL SOLDIER

Dear Uncle Sam:

Pardon me, Uncle, for being so bold as to waste a few moments of your valuable time, but I must have words with you. I've been told that I'm related to you in some manner or other, and they also tell me that we members of this clan of our's always fight our battles together. That's why I'm afraid, Uncle.

I'm not a genius, Uncle; in fact, I'm just one of your insignificant little clansmen, but I do get ideas. I've had one very definite idea in the back of my head since the terrible important day that Cousin Adolph blew the lid off World War II. If it interests you, dear Uncle, *I don't want to fight in this war.* I am not alone in my determination. This is one game most young Americans



prefer to sit out. Our athletic souls just don't extend to games that require rifles, bombs, airplanes, hand grenades, machine guns, and other slightly dangerous playthings. Far less can our athletic souls rejoice over the prospect of gas bloated bodies that lie stiff and still as tramping feet and wandering hoofs pass over them with a sickening plop and

splash... young arms hanging with deadly grips clutching barbed wire... motionless and ghastly as they hang separated from their bodies... air reeking with the foul smell of gangrenous bodies... glassy eyes, wide open and staring... here and there screams and shrieks... death rattles and groans... farewell addresses by the once happy boys who survived

the scrimmage, but will never make the victory march. All rather nauseating, isn't it, Uncle?

I spoke of an athletic soul. You're puzzled, Uncle Sammy. You want to tell me that an athletic soul never sends men before cannons. A soldier is made of sterner stuff. Wars aren't won by boys who want to play, but by men who want to fight. I know that... and it makes me shake to think of it. You, Uncle, and the other great Uncles of the world, have always been able to change that playful spirit of youth with the greatest of ease. You can change boys who like to play into men who want to fight in a few short days. I don't know what it is you do to them. There is something inside every man that you finally touch by hook or crook. It's a spirit. A spirit that is stronger and more dangerous than any of man's spirits. It can be man's most noble spirit, or it can be his most shameful. I refer to *patriotism*, Uncle, that red hot ember in the heart of everyone of us... the driving power behind soldiers and heroes. It always seems to be there in the human breast—waiting—waiting to be fanned into a devastating blaze of fury by some dangerous and delicate thing. It must be handled with care. We must watch that fire, Uncle Sammy, for once it begins to blaze someone is going to get burnt. It makes men lose their sense of balance, can make them murderers, plunderers, drunken beasts molesting innocent people. On the other hand it can make men heroes, men of bravery, righteous men who will sacrifice everything that right might prevail. Please, Uncle, don't arouse this blazing hell of fury by piling on deceptive fuel, by throwing on gasoline and telling us it is water... by heaping up lies, hate, and deception. You can abuse our spirit, Uncle. You can turn it loose upon a mission of destruction and hate like other uncles are doing today.

Look what Uncle Adolph has done. His young nephews are fighting and dying for the clan. He has that terrible spirit alive and burning, but how did he do it? By such antiquated slogans as: "*Give me liberty or give me death—life, liberty, happiness for all—equal opportunity to*

all"? No, I'm afraid not. Every kind of deception imaginable has been used. Men have been transformed into agents of destruction. Their transformation has been brought about by such egotistic and selfish battle cries as: "*Heil Hitler—Heil Germania*"—Germania the maiden in distress who must be rescued from her oppressors at insurmountable odds. They've been taught to salute each other as the salt of the earth... as invincible supermen, destined to rule the world. A doctrine of selfishness and greed has aroused their spirit of destruction.

I make this plea, Uncle, because I know we're not fool proof. You yourself once fooled me, Uncle, and we spilled blood. Many of our boys never lived to play again. Do you remember? It was in 1917. We were very gullible then. You talked Dad and his buddies into "*Saving the world for Democracy*"—now, wasn't that funny? You also wanted them to "*Fight a war that would end all wars*." That sounds awfully funny now, doesn't it, Uncle? Don't you feel bad about it all? Our Dads rose and erupted... a great gusher of emotions that moved Europeward and put the finishing touches to a very ghastly and bloody piece of maniacal savagery. My, how Dad and his little boy were doomed to disappointment, Uncle Sam. "*Saving the world for Democracy*" turned out to be somewhat of a tragic comedy. We saved the world for Uncle John Bull, but Uncle John didn't save anything for us, not even enough honesty to pay the debts he had contracted. We got a nice 'thank you', but I'd swear they didn't mean it. I really expect more justice than that from a brother Democrat, anyway. Personally, I wouldn't pick up a stick to defend their kind of democracy. Would you expect me, Uncle, under such circumstances to throw an arm, leg, or a life in such a scuffle? Or join hands with foreign "cousins" who definitely smell?

Could I fight a war to end all wars, I would fight with pleasure. I'd feel it was worth the sacrifice. The centuries of peace to be enjoyed by men in the prime of young manhood would be worth it all. But, Uncle, it's all a bad dream... no

war is going to end wars. The only way to end wars is to quit fighting... not by fighting. Twenty short years have made this particular battle cry of yours sound like an awful lie; hasn't it, Uncle?

Once again I repeat, please be careful, Uncle. If you decide to work us in on this war some way, your stories had better be good. People still can be fooled... their emotions can still be aroused, and they will do funny things, but these emotions are going to be harder to touch than they were before.

Pardon me, Uncle, it seems that I've devoted most of my letter to outsiders. It is rather difficult, though, to ignore all these nice relatives of yours, because they are all vitally interested in letting you know where they stand. They don't want to fight any more than I do. You don't blame them, do you? It isn't a very happy thought to think of spending one's last moments on the end of a bayonet. Definitely it is not, when nothing whatsoever is to be gained by such a heroic act. If you want us to fight I don't think it is asking too much if we demand something worth fighting for. Give us that and our young blood will begin to boil... it will roar through our veins with all the pent up fury of the most loyal Patriot. Give us something with as much significance as "*No taxation without representation... Remember the Alamo... 54-40 or fight... Give me liberty or give me death... Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute*"—Yes, Uncle Sammy, give us something like this to fight for and you'll find all your boys following you, smiling and defiant as they utter such valedictories as: "*I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country... Shoot this old gray head if you will, but spare the flag*." Such cries as these, Uncle Sam, were made by heroes and for heroes. They lend a certain sacredness to the bloody mess that is war, and make an arm, a leg, or even a life seem cheap enough as long as right and liberty prevail.

Sincerely,

James O'Connor.

An Arrest in the Choir

Cecilia Mary Young



St. Bruno founded the Order of the Carthusians in 1084. The Order follows the Rule of St. Benedict, though it differs from the Benedictines in many respects. The name "Chartreuse" is a corruption of French and Latin, meaning Charter House, or the foundation.

ALMOST every one knows of the famous Chartreuse or liqueur, famous the world over at one time, and manufactured by a secret process known only to the monks of Chartreuse. Few, however, except those living in France, know the tragedy of the Great Chartreuse, a story of treachery and avarice; a story which reads like a novel with its plots and counterplots—all woven around the golden sirup, a concoction blending certain herbs which the monks sold to markets all over the world; a beverage, by the way, they never touched themselves. It was made originally to cure diseases of the stomach.

When I visited the monastery a few years ago the place had become a desert. It was overgrown with weeds where once had blossomed the herb gardens. The buildings had fallen into ruin. The library, which had housed hundreds of precious books and manuscripts, was despoiled, for all the rare volumes had been stolen and carted away by vandal hands. The cloistered walk beside the monks' cells, a beautiful vista stretching along for six hundred feet, was silent—silent with an ominous silence quite different from the holy silence of prayer.

Out in the tiny cemetery of the Chartreuse are humble wooden crosses with the names and ages of the brethren, many indicating ripe old ages of ninety years and over—a point of reflection when one considers the abstemious diet of these men who never touched meat; who subsisted on

cheese, eggs, bread, and vegetables, according to Carthusian rule.

The guide of the Chartreuse, employed by the anti-Catholic French Socialist party, took particular delight in pointing out



Approach to the Abbey and Chapel of St. Bruno at La Grande Chartreuse

the ruins and chaos of the once beautiful buildings and was grossly offensive at the cemetery with his cynical remarks about the venerable old friars, remarking as he pointed out some of the ages: "These old boys lived to the age of senility."

These affronts to Catholics happen too often in France. They come from guides in the "Historical Monuments" and they are worst at Avignon, in the palace of the Popes. They themselves look like the very brigands who took away the buildings and properties of the Religious in the notorious confiscation laws of 1901, made by the French government. They invent the most

insidious scandal and live on the *pourboire* of glibble tourists, drawing a salary meanwhile for their services as custodians of the "National Monuments."

When the French senate passed a law to expel the monks of the Grande Chartreuse, it was not because they belonged to the great religious body which those of the ilk of Emil Combes hoped to eradicate from French soil. These monks were the possessors of a formula which would mean millions to a syndicate.

The fact that Combes was a Mason of the Oriental rite and belonged to the highest degree of masonic organization may or may not have signal bearing on the case. However, Emil Combes presided in the Chambers of Deputies in Paris.

The Grande Chartreuse stands in a high valley beside an enormous mountain peak known as the Grand Som. The district lies in the fairest of the French provinces, the Dauphiny.

When the news came that the government intended to expel the monks, the people of the entire province were aroused. It would be a crime to expel these peaceful men who had brought nothing but blessings by their sanctity and their charity to Dauphiny! "These peaceful men of the Chartreuse who for over eight hundred years have dwelt in our midst doing good!"

Less than a week after the enactment in the Chamber of Deputies an official commission arrived at the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse to notify the prior that he and his members were no longer authorized to remain in France. A delay of fifteen days was granted to disperse and to vacate the premises.

During those trying fifteen days the entire population from every village in the vicinity, mounted guard day and night around the monastery.

It was late spring in the cold mountain valley. The weather was still like winter; the trees in the forest were bare of leaves. All night long on the slope opposite the monastery, their shadows mingling with the dark, naked trees, the hardy mountaineers—hundreds of them—kept vigil.

It was the last week in April; Monday and Tuesday of the week had come and gone without any disturbance to mar the calm of the monastery. The monks worked and prayed and walked in silence.

On Wednesday morning, the 23rd of April an officer arrived at the door of the Chartreuse accompanied by an army. First came a company of infantry, followed by two squadrons of dragoons. More detachments brought up the rear, followed in their wake by a body of mounted police.

Not receiving any response from his knock on the door the officer gave orders to enter. With that command, the soldiers took hatchets and broke down the monastery door.

Finding the cells empty after they had forced them open they tore out the beautiful grilled gateway to the cloister. All this time the voices of the monks could be heard chanting matins. Reducing the cloistered dwelling to a wreck as they went along, the soldiers at last reached the chapel.

"*Sub tuum,*" sang the Chartreuse and with that the police advanced, seized the monks in their stalls, and holding them roughly by the arms pulled them out of the chapel into the square outside the monastery.

No protestation was made by prior or monks. They kept their holy monastic silence in the face of disgraceful treatment.

Not so the crowd outside, witnesses of the bad treatment of their friends. They voiced emphatic displeasure; some of the softer hearted wept aloud. As the sad procession was herded down the road and through the adjoining

village of St. Laurent-du-Pont which the monks had one time fed and clothed during famine, tears and lamentations followed the train which bore the monks forever out of their own domains. It was a train bound for Italy.

Maurice Barres and other artists and writers of France started a movement to look into the despoliation. Some points hitherto unknown by the public were brought to light. A letter from the reverend prior, Dom Michel, spoke of "hush money." In a sworn statement sent to the Commission of Inquiry started by the loyal men of Dauphiny, the prior explained that in that year of their expulsion, 1903, in the presence of Pere Ray, the procurator of the monastery, and of Monsieur Pichat, a deputy, he had received a visit from a gentleman representing the government *whose name he desired to withhold* and in that interview the gentleman had said that if the prior would deposit three hundred thou-

Journey's End

And from the East came Wisemen three,
Upon a journey from afar
With gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh,
Whose destination was a star,
A star that to a stable led
Wherein upon a manger lay
Omnipotence, Wisdom, and Love
Upon a few small wisps of hay.

Life is a journey, brief or long,
That every mortal man must wend;
Omnipotence, Wisdom, and Love—
Epiphany, the journey's end.

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

sand francs to buy certain votes of a certain number of members of the Chamber of Deputies he would promise "that certain influential men would be dumb if properly approached."

This deposition may be seen on page 74 in *Ligue Dauphinoise d'Action Catholique* for March, 1927, and continues as follows:

"Repulsing this bribe concerning hush money I asked Monsieur X who would be the intermediaries? After making me promise to keep their names secret he gave me the names of four politicians."

The man designated as Monsieur X begged to terminate negotiations and the prior responded: "Do what you like; but I, living, will never use the money of the Chartreux in that manner, nor deposit it in such hands. . . . I have said all that I have to say and henceforth I shall keep silent."

The Commission of Inquiry gotten up by the Dauphinoise also brought up for questioning the agent who sold the liquor to the outside world, a man named Victor Audier. He told an illuminating history. On the 14th of March he had received a visit from a high official at his place in Valence.

"There is something on foot," said the official, "to save the Grande Chartreuse from the Religious expulsion act. Monsieur Edgard Combes, son of the president of the Council, is in desperate straights. He has a terrible need of money on account of gambling debts. . . . With three hundred francs we can do it." The precious elixir had been a coveted prize for years and years. One of the Dauphin Commission wrote about its ownership in 1909 when it was found that the Fathers would not sell the brand. There is only one way left and that is to steal it. The whole business concerning the Chartreux then in plain terms is simply the robbery of the Chartreuse liquor."

Plans were set up to manufacture a spurious Chartreuse when it was found that the monks would not divulge their secret process. Three years after their expulsion and exile in Italy the firm of Cusenier bid for the name at a government auction. In the valuation of *L'administration des domaines* of 1878 the price placed on the Chartreuse concession was eight million francs. It was bid in at five hundred and two thousand francs. It developed during the Inquiry that a Jewish firm in 1889, long before the actual spoliation, had wanted the rights of manufacture and had offered the sum of thirty million francs.

Firms in the United States, Canada, England, Switzerland, Italy, Spain and Russia refused to buy the new Chartreuse, saying they wanted the genuine liquor as originally manufactured by the Chartreux themselves or none.

Meanwhile the charities the monks had established—a hospital at St. Laurent-du-Pont, schools for deaf mutes, free distribution of food and clothing for the needy, all languished. Works of public utility, welfare work of every description had been made possible by the sales of the Chartreuse.

Then the Great War came. From Farnate in Italy, whither the monks had gone, came back these men to defend their country in 1914. Several of them won military citations or died on the battle fields.

Then the Dauphinoise tried to get back the monastery from the government. The agitation grew from a local to a national question, and all the French press took it up. *Figaro* and *Gaulois* and one hundred and fifty journals defended the Chartreux against four known to be Free Mason propagandists. The leader of the *Ligue Dauphinoise* openly accused the Masons of losing all notion of liberty when they denied these men who had done their duty as French men in the trenches "to live here again in religious garb." "We know better," he concluded, "than to stir up such agitation under a republican regime because it is too great a principle of liberty. We are therefore concluding with the fact that you who are Masons will only recognize your own body as the one congregation for which you will grant the freedom to live in our country of France."

The Chartreuse were not permitted to return.

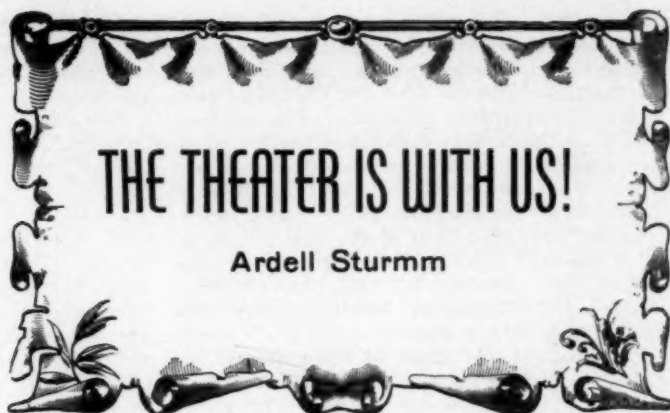
The Ugly Street

They say this street is ugly.
It's filled with smoke and grime.
They say the homes are horrid—
Alive with budding crime.
The smells are simply awful,
And you should hear the noise.
Why, trouble seems to lurk here.
Just see those muddy boys!

I wandered through this alley,
And I saw no smoke or grime.
A lovely glowing sunset
Enhanced the realm of crime.
I breathed the air of evening?
My nostrils caught no smell
More deadly than a cabbage,
Despite what people tell.

My ears were filled with music
And not with clanging noise.
I watched an organ grinder
Amuse the muddy boys.
I wandered through an alley
That's ugly, so they say.
Its joy and real contentment
Transformed a simple day.

Martha M. Boutwell



CURTAIN going up! Curtain going up! Cigarettes are extinguished; the crowd in the lobby enters the auditorium again. The lights are dimmed; the buzz of conversation hushes to a silence. The curtain rises—and on with the show.

If ever the theater was alive, it is today. And by the theater I mean the stage; and by today, I mean within the last few years. The reasons for this seem to be that better plays are offered; that the headline actors and actresses are again on the stage offering their art to the public; that the people really want the living drama on the stage acted for them; that, either the depression is lifting, or people will go to the theater and pay the price, purchasing a necessary commodity of their lives, and not feeling they are enjoying a luxury with which they could easily dispense. Certainly this season is offering more successful plays and for longer runs than in any recent year.

I suppose if one were to try to prove a trend in the theater he would have to cover a period of about twenty years, usually considered a generation. While this is rather subjective, it seems to me there is a transition now in progress, due to the turbulent times in which we live. There is a marked realism in the plays offered, both on life and mode of living; and on politics and government. Burns Mantle, editor of *The Best Plays of 1938-1939*, says in his preface, "The trend this last

season, insofar as one appeared, was largely patriotic." He then mentions as illustrations, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," "Knickerbocker Holiday," "American Landscape," and "The American Way." As an illustration of plays being realistic, almost satirical, on present mode of living, I would mention "No Time For Comedy," and "Farm Of Three Echoes"; and among the comedies, "My Dear Children," and "Springtime For Henry." There was to be found a vein of mysticism in "The White Steed" and also in, though a bit fatalistic, "Borrowed Time." These will be discussed in detail later.

In speaking of the theater being alive, one must not consider only the professional stage. Remember the many amateur groups known as the Little Theaters or Civic Theaters. These people present several plays a year to a supporting and contributing audience; usually the plays are Broadway successes of a season ago. Practically every city of any size has such a Civic Theater. But besides the professional stage and well known amateur organizations there is a realm of the theater few people give any thought to; yet, it is a dominant part of the American stage. Merrill Denison, *Harper's Magazine*, March, 1938, writes in his article, "Do You Know Aaron Slick?" as follows: "Last year more than 70,000,000 people in the United States attended more than 250,000 shows of one kind and another, put on by amateur groups throughout the country. These

groups bear practically no relation to the Little Theaters and Dramatic Organizations which look to the professional theater of Broadway for inspiration. They form a distinct theatrical world. . . . There are literally tens of thousands of such groups. It is called by some, "The Rural Theater," "Crossroads Theater," "The Real-Honest-To-God American Theater," apparently to differentiate it from other amateur theaters, which are presumably neither real nor honest to God. Still others, scornful of its lack of aesthetic pretensions, like to refer to it as "The Sub-Basement Theater." The Federal Theater Project certainly deserves honorable mention.

When one talks about the stage there is always the far cry to the Miracle Plays of centuries ago. There was a momentary revival of this about five years ago by the dramatic department of Indiana University. But while the Miracle Plays as such are but dramatic history, the Church still plays a role in the Theater. This is discussed by Tom Squire in his article "Church And Drama" in the *Theatre Arts Monthly*, September, 1939. For lack of space I shall confine myself to the part concerning Catholic organizations, although the author rightly pays tribute to the work being done by non-Catholic churches: "In the Roman Catholic Church dramatic activities are as varied as they are numerous. Emmet Lavery estimates that there are some five thousand . . . units which produce religious plays

each year. . . Two years ago the National Catholic Theater Conference was founded to act as clearing house for these diverse groups. The Conference now has about five hundred members and has established itself in a permanent home at the Catholic University at Washington. . . They (unworthy productions) are, however, counteracted somewhat by the numerous productions of religious dramas of real theatrical and literary merit, with 'Everyman' and 'Murder in The Cathedral' heading the list and followed by 'The Joyous Season,' 'The First Legion,' 'Well of The Saints.' " I should like to add Emmet Lavery's play of a year ago about Cardinal Newman, named as I recall, "The Second Spring," and Paul Vincent Carroll's "Shadow And Substance" and "The White Steed."

The eminent critic, George Jean Nathan, in his recently published book, *The Morning After The First Night*, in the chapter titled "After-Thoughts On Hollywood" discusses whether or not Hollywood is a threat to the theater. He voices a vigorous negative. I have always considered these two distinct arts, scarcely comparable by reason of their very different methods of presentation. They might, I presume be compared, on the grounds of acting and drama: species of the same genus of entertainment. Both the cinema and the stage have their devotees. That I personally enjoy a stage play more than a movie is no argument for its superiority. Mr. Nathan states that of all the actors he talked to in Hollywood, who had known the stage and New York, only four had not expressed an eager desire to return. He thought Hollywood permeated with the air of nostalgia. This season lends proof to his statement. Several Hollywood headliners have returned to the stage: John Barrymore after an absence of sixteen years; Paul Muni after having been gone seven years; also Edward Everett Horton and Ruth Chatterton.

I said above that the theater was in a period of transition. I believe the time after the World War, until about a year ago, could be considered a definite period with its apparent

calm, and now with the whole world so thoroughly upset the theater is suffering from the same instability. There is a marked frankness, materialism, and reality; I do not mean these as euphemisms for "dirt" but a certain recklessness in material and spiritual values. I shall try to illustrate this by very briefly reviewing several of the season's plays: "Farm of Three Echoes," "No Time for Comedy," "My Dear Children," "Springtime for Henry," and "The White Steed."

The "Farm of Three Echoes" told the story of a family in the Transvaal, South Africa. The grandmother, her son and his wife and son, the girl who married the son, neighbors, and a visiting couple, made up the cast. There was an atmosphere of hate, gloom, and reckless passion. But in the end love triumphed and the air was comfortably cleared. Ethel Barrymore played the part of the grandmother, and she did it magnificently. She exuded the suspicion, wisdom, and intuition of the aged, as she sat in her rocker before the fire talking indifferently to herself or another about her coffin upstairs wherein she napped every afternoon. I agree with Heywood Broun, who reviewed the play in his column "It Seems To Me" under the dateline of December 2, New York: "Farm of Three Echoes" will get no prize awards or I miss my guess. But Ethel can take fustian or shoddy, and weave it into a robe for an empress." Yes, Ethel was magnificent; she made the play and had a good supporting cast—but the play only bordered on greatness, another "also ran."

Katharine Cornell had a better vehicle in which to display her ability in "No Time For Comedy." This play was included in *The Best Plays of 1938-1939*. Katharine Cornell was the wife of an unhappy husband, a playwright, who sought diversion in the usual degrading trilogy of "wine, women, and song." Some of the lines contained comments on the conditions of the times. The second act dragged in spots when Katharine's husband was endeavoring to compose a play. It ended very happily with the unfaithful husband returning to his wife

and still trying to write the play. "No Time For Comedy" has real merit; and Katharine Cornell was superb.

John Barrymore has created nothing less than a sensation in the comedy "My Dear Children." Pardon me, it's a scream. Ultra-modern, smart, and sophisticated, with a dash of profanity when the actor wishes. There's nothing obscene about it, although it is not particularly edifying. Barrymore plays the part of a several times married actor and three of his daughters call on Christmas eve to visit him. The daughters are the well groomed worldly type. There is a bit of pathos and drama when one of the girls named Cordelia, in the last act, quotes "King Lear" and by a reincarnation of Cordelia saves Barrymore from his embarrassing position. My uncharitable thought was that most of the audience was not sufficiently familiar with Shakespeare to appreciate this. The December 4th issue of *Life* has this to say: "In Chicago on Nov. 20 a mediocre farce called "My Dear Children" went into its 27th week, its 200th performance. Since May some 200,000 playgoers have paid more than \$300,000 to see it. Sole basis of its drawing power is John Barrymore, its star. People flock to see him, not for polished performance, but because he nightly converts the theater into a rowdy histrionic madhouse. Sometimes he arrives late. Sometimes he is tight. Usually he forgets his lines. But he always puts on a great show." After an absence of sixteen years from the stage Barrymore has made a triumphant return.

Edward Everett Horton starred in "Springtime For Henry." An absurd thing wherein the star was a bachelor business man in love with another man's wife, whose husband married the secretary. As simple as that. There wasn't even the usual effort at respectability.

Paul Vincent Carroll's "The White Steed" was rated "tops" as was his "Shadow And Substance" for a year ago. To me "The White Steed" was inferior to "Shadow And Substance." The latter had the marvelous actor, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the Canon.

Echoes from OUR ABBEY HALLS

THE Abbey and Seminary observed November 30 as a religious Thanksgiving Day—a day of Jubilee. Rarely does the Community and student body ever have an opportunity of celebrating a Jubilee with an Alumnus of the Seminary. The Right Reverend Albert Petrasch gave us that privilege this year. St. Andrew's feast marked the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood. Monsignor is now making his home with us at the Abbey. He decided to observe his Golden Jubilee at the Alma Mater where more than fifty years ago he prepared for the priestly life.

On the occasion of his Golden Jubilee Monsignor used the privilege of celebrating a Pontifical Mass. Father Abbot Ignatius preached the sermon—a message of appreciation for Monsignor's priestly life and his devotion to the Alma Mater. The students joined with the monastic

choir in singing the Gregorian Chant of the Jubilee Mass.

At noon Monsignor was guest of honor in the monastic refectory for the festive dinner. He responded to Father Abbot's address by recalling memories of the St. Meinrad's Abbey and Seminary he knew in the days of '86. *Ad multos annos!*

Monsignor Petrasch is a native of Germany. He completed the classical course of studies for the Priesthood in the schools of his Fatherland. But he was not destined to labor there as a priest. As a young student he felt the attraction to devote his life to the needs of the rapidly developing Church in distant America. Our early American Bishops faced the perplexing problem of supplying priests for their pioneer Dioceses. Frequently they sought volunteers among the students of the European seminaries. The appeal of the American missions

found a ready response in Albert Petrasch. In 1885 he came to the United States. One year later he entered St. Meinrad's Seminary to begin the study of Philosophy. The young student found the Seminary in its early pioneer state of development. A rugged constitution and a generous spirit were required by the primitive conditions of the Seminary in those historic days. Students shared with the monks all the hardships of establishing the school. The buildings were small and unfinished; the menu extremely simple and at times limited. Daily life developed the spirit of sacrifice from sheer necessity. In 1886 the entire student body numbered fifty-eight students. The first Rector, Father Isidore Hobi, O.S.B., was then directing the Seminary during its formative period. Our Jubilarian has personal recollections of many events that seem like real history to the present generation. His early student days

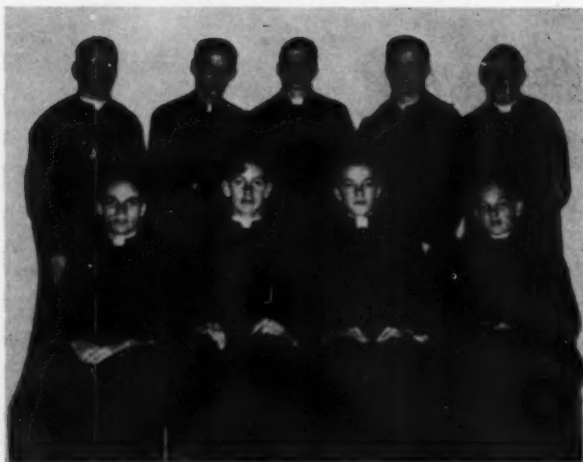
"The White Steed" was not nearly so mystical or ethereal. There was the Canon, who was paralyzed; the new curate, a reformer, who had come to take over the parish to the Canon's displeasure. Some rather unfavorable remarks about the position of the clergy. The setting for two of the three acts was the Canon's study, an Irish rectory. At the close the Canon is miraculously healed of his infirmities; settles all parish disputes with what presumably was Irish humor; and sends the new curate back to his Bishop. I do not question the critics' acclaim, but I thought it fit for only a very select audience where the human side of the clergy would not cast aspersions on their dignity and vocation. In "Shadow And Substance" as well as "The White

Steed," although not so much so, Mr. Carroll is very critical of the clergy and Irish parish methods. I regret this point, for he surely is a playwright of great ability and gives a charm and quality of mysticism that is sorely needed on the stage.

Having, with many limitations, discussed the theater and some of the "big hits" of the season I'd like to express an opinion, with which I'm sure many readers and all critics will disagree. I do not think any play should have profanity, or too smart subtleties bordering on the suggestive, in the script. Above all divorce and infidelity should not be accepted as the norm. And discredit should not be brought on our noblest professions and vocation. I wonder when the playwrights write thus if they do so with the thought of the

box-office receipts, or from the standpoint of art. Perhaps after all the theater reflects the times. If so, heaven help us! One might argue that of such material is the fabric of life woven. True! But the theater can be such a force in our lives that I think it should promote the nobler things and not parade the sordid.

But the theater is with us—right or wrong, perfect or imperfect. It's a healthy, living thing. As Merrill Denison, above mentioned, wrote: "Whether one regards the theater as a cultural influence, a social institution, or merely a leisure-time activity, devotion to it is no more on the wane in America than devotion to baseball, shore picnics, or buying chances on the Irish sweepstakes."



Participants in the Minor Seminary Elocution Meet: Seated (left to right) James Dooley, Indianapolis; Joseph Ferrari, Forth Smith, Arkansas; Cyril Hettich, Chicago, Illinois; Robert Deig, Mount Vernon, Indiana. Standing: Ralph Schweizer, Bloomington, Indiana; Harold Lundergan, Montgomery, Indiana; Frank Kainz, St. Louis, Missouri; Thomas Hoolihan, Buffalo, New York; James Haberthier, Wichita, Kansas.

were part of the struggles and losses of St. Meinrad's Seminary. The great fire of September 2, 1887, destroyed the library and personal property that he had left at the Seminary during the vacation period. He returned in September to see the Monastery and the Seminary in ruins. But the spirit never dies! The monks arranged for the students to live in the village. Classes were resumed, the town hotel providing the class rooms. In this building the Monsignor lived and studied until the first section of the new Seminary was rebuilt.

In 1887 the Holy See established the Diocese of Lincoln, Nebraska. The Bishop had interested Father Isidore in pleading his cause with the Seminarians at St. Meinrad's. Albert Petrasch was among the first volunteers to answer the call. By 1889 he had completed the Seminary course, was ordained a Deacon and left for his mission in the West. Bishop Bonacum of the Lincoln Diocese ordained his young student to the Holy Priesthood on November 30, 1889.

For Monsignor Petrasch the busy missionary life began that very day. In the afternoon after his ordination

the young priest was called upon to hear confessions. On the day of his First Mass he had also to preach and assist with parish work in the Cathedral. His early priestly life was filled with real mission activity. The Diocese of Lincoln was then but two years old. All the spiritual needs of the large and scattered flock were cared for by only twenty-one priests. Numerous mission posts were to be visited and new parishes had to be founded.

Monsignor's entire priestly life was devoted to the Diocese of Lincoln. As missionary and later as pastor he labored to build up the Catholic spirit. Later he was entrusted with the important office of Vicar General.

The Holy See has recognized and honored the labors of Monsignor Petrasch. The "title" Monsignor and the rank of Domestic Prelate were conferred on him in 1920. Nine years later Rome again honored him with the dignity of Prothonotary Apostolic.

Elocution Meet

The preparation of the student for his future work of preaching the

Gospel begins with the very first year in the Minor Seminary. A six year course in Elocution provides the fundamental knowledge of public speaking. Since each class is taught separately the entire student body does not know the abilities of fellow students and the results attained in the advanced classes. Each quarter a public class of Elocution is held for all the students of the Minor Seminary. Each class selects a representative speaker to demonstrate the principles of speech taught in the part of the Elocution Course. The "meet" for the First Quarter of the present school year was held on the evening of November 23. Mr. Frank Kainz of the Sixth Class acted as Master of Ceremonies for the evening's program. The speakers were: First Class, Robert Deig; Second Class, Cyril Hettich; Third Class, Joseph Ferrari; Fourth Class, James Dooley; Fifth Class, Ralph Schweizer; Sixth Class, Harold Lundergan. To place the art of speaking in its cultural setting musical numbers were offered between the selections. This was the first appearance of two promising musicians of the Minor Seminary, James Haberthier of Fourth Class and Thomas Hoolihan of Sixth Class. The former played *Military Polonaise* and *Prelude in B flat* by Chopin; the latter played *Submerged Cathedral* by Debussy and *Deep Purple* by Peter De Rose.

On the evening of December 14 the Major Seminary also conducted an exhibition in public speaking which was dignified with the name of an "Oratorical Contest." This annual competition is sponsored by the St. Thomas Literary Society of the Major Seminary. The participants this year, chosen by the vote of the seminarians, were Louis Delahoyde, who spoke on the Indian Question, Mr. Vincent Ryan, on Peace, and the Reverend Deacons Dominic Altieri, Donald Shaughnessy, and Alfred Horrigan, who chose for their topics "Keep Out—Employees Only," "Personal Revolution," and "Kings without the Cabages" respectively. The winner was Mr. Vincent Ryan.

KNIGHTS OF THE GRAIL

Intention for January

"That Employment be found."

ONE OF the most frequent intentions sent in by the Knights of the Grail for the united prayers of all the members is "that employment be found." The frequency of this petition and the thought that hundreds of others are suffering a like inconvenience scarcely serves to allay the crushing, smothering fear that grips the heart of an unemployed father as he lies down at night—not to sleep, but to worry; not to rest from hard physical labor, but to fight with fears and temptations. He can momentarily forget his sorrowful situation when he hears the ringing cheerful laughter of a child, but just as suddenly there returns that cold fear—fear and forgetfulness alternating like the heat and cold of a feverish chill.

Anxiety for the morrow—for the unpaid bills and the unpatched clothes—confronts the unemployed father like a monster of fate. He is not to blame for his plight. He has been honest in his work; he has been diligent and efficient and regular; yet he is "laid off." There is no promise of re-employment, no hope of a new opening. There is only the frightening prospect of a butcher, a baker, and a grocer discontinuing credit accounts for him.

Besides the anxiety there is the deprivation of the necessities of life, to say nothing of the legitimate recreations. Poverty is not a disgrace. It has even been hallowed by our Lord Himself and raised to the status of a religious virtue if borne for the proper motives. But poverty and absolute want are not the same. No father complains if he must resort to cheaper clothes and cheaper food and a cheaper home, but to be *evicted* from home, to be without *any* food or clothing, is a quite different affair. Children need milk, mothers need wholesome food, and fathers must eat to live, and all the beautiful encomiums on poverty will not sustain their health nor satisfy their gnawing hunger.

Still more disastrous is the forced idleness that unemployment brings with the concomitant loss of interest in almost everything. There is the suspicion and distrust of others, the rebellious feeling against God and the social order that brought upon the sufferer his lamentable state. Yes, overwhelming are the evils of unemployment.

Every Knight of the Grail will sympathize with these suffering men and women, and will cheerfully and fervently offer the daily Pater for divine assistance. If we pray earnestly for this intention during January, we *will* put our unemployed members back to work. Remember—"Ask and you shall receive."



ENLIST
your family in
the



KNIGHTS of the GRAIL

For details, write to *The Grail*, Benedictine Abbey, St. Meinrad, Indiana

TIME IS FLEETING



The night cometh when no man can work.
Lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven,
where neither the rust nor moth doth con-
sume, and where thieves do not break
through nor steal.

Are You Interested

in helping educate young men for the priest-
hood? A donation, large or small, or an
annuity *now*, or a remembrance in your will

in the form of a burse or scholarship will be gratefully received and promptly ap-
plied to the holy work of training seminarians for our American dioceses.

The Grail, Benedictine Abbey, St. Meinrad, Indiana

